

EDINGTON:

A NOVEL.

By RICHARD HEY, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Domestic scenes are food for greatest minds.

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EDMUND

W. H. O'NEILL

JOHN RICHARD



(2)

EDINGTON.

CHAP. I.

MR. LAYTON and his sister were upon a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook at Edington. One morning they took a walk amongst some beautiful small vallies, near the village; and indulged in the pleasure of departing from all track, and losing themselves incircled with the richest verdure. They rambled about till Miss Layton thought they were sufficiently lost; perceiving a gloominess in the atmosphere, which threatened rain. At her request her brother agreed to look for the readiest way back to their present home. They succeeded tolerably well in recovering a beaten path. But, before they

could reach Mr. Ambrook's, they found it advisable to ask shelter in the first cottage they reached.

In this cottage, or very small farmhouse, they found a matronly poor woman spinning, and a girl or young woman, her daughter, about fifteen years of age, who was reeling. When they mentioned the rain as the reason of stepping in, the woman offered some little apparel to Miss Layton: saying, very modestly, that she hoped it was clean, if it had nothing else to recommend it. So little rain had fallen, that Miss Layton had not occasion to accept the offer. But she thought herself very fortunate in having met with shelter so comfortable. She soon saw reason to believe that the woman had very good ground for recommending her apparel in point of cleanliness. Which indeed was both the most material excellence it could have, for Miss Layton, in the present case, and was one

of the reigning characteristics of the whole interior of the house. Every thing appeared of the most frugal kind that could be chosen; and every thing as cleanly as use, comfort, and health, required, although the eye was not dazzled with an unnecessary and offensive glare in every utensil it met with. Every thing also was in good repair. And the whole, with its simple, uniform, and useful appearance, suggested that any superadded ornament might have been misplaced. Each part was void of ornament: but the whole was adorned by a suitableness of the parts to each other, to the house, and to its inhabitants.

And, as the guests were delighted with the ideas new to them (in degree, at least) of comfort, neatness, and propriety, in so mean a cottage; so was the good woman of the house interested by the humble and familiar deportment of the guests: of whom she knew nothing;

and only conjectured that they might probably have some connexion, of visit or otherwise, with Mr. Ambrook's house. When they were all seated, except the young woman, Miss Layton said cheerfully to her, "You'll take your seat amongst us?" Lucy answered with the single word "Madam!" and a curtsy. But both the accent and the gesture, though sufficiently humble, denoted something which had not been expected in that cottage.

"Come, then, Lucy," said the mother, "sit down. These gentlefolks don't wish, I dare say, to keep you idle." Lucy sat down to her work. "I will look and learn," said Miss Layton: "who knows what I may want?" "Never, I hope, Madam," answered Lucy, "to earn your bread by working." "Who knows?" replied Miss Layton: "my hands are made like other hands; and I may live to learn every use of them."

"Who

"Who knows, indeed!" added the mother. Won by the deportment of her visitors, she unawares let fall an expression of such a nature as she generally was pretty well guarded against before strangers:—an expression hinting at a great change of circumstances in the family. "My husband," said she, "had laid up
 "for that child a fortune—perhaps too
 "great: and now she is penniless."

"And fearless, mother;" said Lucy: colouring a little, as if afraid to be despised for want of fortitude under her loss. She went on: not looking at Miss Layton, but continuing to address her mother. "What does my father bid me say to
 "persons, who mix with their pity a
 "frightful tale of poverty?" "What?" said the mother. Lucy answered, "Tell
 "them, he says, who is thy father." And, blushing as if she had possibly gone too far, she returned to her work with rapidity and a degree of confusion.

"Madam," said Mr. Layton, "I apprehend you have had some great reverse of fortune. I do not pry into secrets. But, whatever is open for the world to know, and might not distress yourself to speak, I have the boldness to ask;—although, I confess, afraid to learn it." "I fear, Sir," answered the mother (whose name was Mary Eynsbury), "it may be tedious." A young man now entered; in a plain working dress, suited to occupations in the fields. He entered with the freedom of one belonging to the house. But, so impressed, by this time, were the two guests with a superior idea of their hospitable friends, that his humble dress did not prevent their rising on his entrance.

"Here is Paul," said Mary: "pray keep your seats. It is but my son.—Poor boy! This pelting shower must have drenched thee." "It would have done so," he answered: "but I have prevented

“ prevented it, by taking this good shelter.
 “ And, as for the work,” he added, in a
 sharpish accent which, to a stranger, might
 intimate a little of peevishness or discon-
 tent, “ such days as these, it must do it-
 self: that’s all.” “ Paul,” said the mo-
 ther, “ thou grumblest just like an idle
 drone, who is in want of a good excuse.
 “ But I know thee better. Sit down
 “ there: thou findest a corner left.”

“ Sir,” says Layton, “ we are housed
 “ before you. And I must say, that our
 “ hearty welcome and this good sheltering
 “ roof have given me most comfortable
 “ sensations.” “ And that,” answered
 Paul, “ will give my mother an equal
 “ comfort, Sir.” Miss Layton became
 impatient for some account of what had
 befallen the family: but, with great de-
 licacy, put the question to Lucy; desiring
 her to speak freely, if she had any ob-
 jection to the circumstances being men-
 tioned, or might be distressed by relating

or hearing them. Lucy soon satisfied her on that head.

"Do, Paul," said Mary, "tell this good gentleman what was the cause of our ruin." "No, no," said Paul; "ruin, mother? A *change* has taken place in our family." "A change indeed, Paul!" exclaimed the mother. Paul replied; "Rich and happy, once! Now, *poor* and happy! So where are the wondrous odds?" "Was there ever," said Mary, "such a father as George Eynsbury? Surely no other tongue could have made a son believe happiness was left, when every shining was gone. Thee, Lucy, too, he persuades, that thou art happy." "Persuades, Madam?" said Layton. "Makes them believe? They seem to *be* happy." "Pray, then," added Miss Layton, "do not persuade them they are *not* so."

"I handled once," said Paul, "a book
" or

"or a pen; and thought that my destiny
 "would raise me perhaps to the clouds.
 "Now I handle a wholesome spade: and
 "I find my victuals better flavoured than
 "they used to be." "I have lost," said
 Lucy, in a softer tone, "a lovely harpsi-
 "chord, it is true. Companions, too, that
 "I loved, I have lost. But yet——" She
 hesitated. Miss Layton asked what could
 make up for such losses. "I have gain-
 "ed——" said Lucy, hesitating again.
 "A lover, Madam?" said Miss Layton
 jestingly. "A *father*, Madam," replied
 Lucy, with an emphasis and a look be-
 speaking such a warmth in her affection,
 as that of daughter to father does but
 rarely attain. "Yet," pursued she, hav-
 ing acquired a firmness by Miss Layton's
 freedom of inquiry and encouraging man-
 ner, "he was kind *before*. But he had
 "such calls of business, and company,—
 "diversions too,—that he was but like
 "half the father to us that he is now."

" Had not *you*, Miss Lucy," said Mr. Layton, " your calls? Did not company
 " and pleasure call *you* away?" Lucy's enthusiasm about her father was now so roused, and had so elevated her, that she spoke with great openness before the strangers.
 " Ah," said she, " these poor eyes confessed the loss. But, now, every evening, my father is mine; and I am his
 " Lucy. He will sing with me. He will dance with me. He tells a tale to
 " us:—and we listen." " Laugh when
 " it so happens," said Miss Layton, " and weep when you cannot do otherwise.
 " Is it not so? I make free, you find." " Set but that child," said Mary, " upon
 " talking of her father, and you will not soon hear the end." " And who would
 " wish it?" exclaimed Mr. Layton, vehemently struck with the idea of such a father and such a daughter: " when I am
 " an emperor, I will part with the jewels
 " from my crown, to purchase the hearing
 " of such sounds as these." Then turning
 to

to Lucy, "I pray," said he, "might one
 "see this father?" "Not before evening,
 "Sir," she answered; "he is gone to his
 "work."

But, now, fearing lest perhaps she had
 made too free, and brought herself forward
 into too strong a light, she sought a kind of
 refuge in turning to her brother, and re-
 minding him that he was to tell the story
 of their loss. And Mr. Layton renewed
 his request. "The story, Sir," said Paul,
 "is very short. It is soon told. In a
 "single night, fire swept away all. So we
 "came to be, what indeed thousands are
 "by birth, possessed of no property be-
 "yond our own limbs." Miss Layton
 shrunk, and exclaimed. Her brother in-
 quired how it happened that the fire made
 so vast destruction. "The plot was a
 "deep one," answered Paul; "unheard-
 "of villainy. If it had been accident, if
 "it had been a single blaze, it should have
 "met with a tough encounter." "How?"

exclaimed Mr. Layton: "by villainy?"
 "By design? Who, Sir? For what?"

Paul told him that the father, looking forward for his children's good, had made a purchase which demanded from every quarter all the money that he possessed. The day of payment approached; and all was prepared. A servant, having learnt this, had not the soul to brave so great a temptation. Once being engaged, he forsook all gratitude, and he lost all feeling. His aim was to produce confusion. "Our thoughts," said Paul, "being employed; to save our own lives and see each other in safety, *his* thought was, to plunder and to escape unseen." "The villain," said the mother, "knew your father but too well." "Who, saving his children," added Miss Layton, "lost all else." "It was even so," replied Mary: "he afterwards told us, that, till he had seen every one of us in safety, the money did

not

"not even occur to his thoughts. And
 "then it was too late."

"Madam," said Lucy to Miss Layton,
 "it was frightful!" Miss Layton asked
 whether they all escaped unhurt: and had
 the pleasure of learning that they did. "So
 "many parts," said Paul, "were in a
 "blaze at once, that we knew not where
 "to apply ourselves, nor what to attempt.
 "The wretch had bestowed some thought
 "upon his work." "The wretch!" ex-
 "claimed Mr. Layton: "and was such
 "horrid baseness crowned with success?"
 "Poor man!" said Lucy; "at last he
 "carried it too far." "Can there be any
 "thing," said Mr. Layton, "to excite
 "your pity for him?" "He raised a rag-
 "ing storm," said Mary: "to guide it,
 "exceeded his power." "His calcula-
 "tion," added Paul, "ran rather too fine.
 "He went to seize his booty, when the
 "moment was come that all (as he thought)
 "was ripe for execution."

A confused

A confused and uncertain apprehension began to operate upon Miss Layton;—whether for the man, or for no distinct object. “It frightens one;” said she. Then, speaking quick, “how did it end?” “He failed,” said Paul. “When he was in the act of stretching out his arm for the plunder, down fell a beam upon his scull. This very hand dragged him out. And—” Paul, observing Miss Layton to be in some degree agitated, suspended his narration. “A worthless man, certainly!” said she; “but yet—” “Par—don my story,” said Paul: “it goes a little too deeply into tragedy.” “No, no,” she replied: “I have interrupted you.” “I have not much to add,” said he: “the man survived only one day: in which he made a confession of the whole.”

“But, *nothing* saved?” asked Mr. Layton: “was every thing swallowed in the fire?” “All went,” answered Paul: “every

“every thing.” “This young man; here,” said the mother, “did what man could do: but it was in vain.” “He often terrified me,” added Lucy: “O, Paul! One time I thought—in truth, I *did* think that I had lost you.” “Me, Lucy?” said he: “when?” “Dust and smoke,” replied she, “rubbish—I don’t know what—fell beside you; and you vanished. And what a length of time, before I found you again!” “In that length of time,” asked Miss Layton, “how did *you* find yourself?” “I have no remembrance,” answered Lucy; “and all were much too busily engaged, to observe me.”

“You will think,” said Mary to her guests, “that we had elsewhere some little dispersed property. We had. But there were debts which my husband’s kindness had incurred:—his house being a bank for his poor neighbours, who rejoiced to secure their store in
“such

“such a castle. *Their* claims amounted to
 “all our property remaining.” “Poor
 “creatures!” said Miss Layton; “when
 “they found their old trusty friend thus
 “fallen, what did they say?” Paul informed
 her, that these persons offered to give
 up, some a half, some more, some less,
 of what was due to them. “One poor
 “man,” said Lucy, “I beheld myself,
 “with tears hanging upon his cheeks,
 “pressing my father that he should ac-
 “cept the *whole*. Indeed I could imagine;
 “once or twice, that he was going upon
 “his knees, to make his intreaty.”

“I see,” said Miss Layton, “he has
 “been a father to more persons besides
 “his own little flock within his walls.
 “The man you mention, whose tears
 “hung upon his cheeks,—that man con-
 “fessed him a father:—every drop con-
 “fessed it.” “Yes,” added Mr. Layton
 with enthusiasm, “and if he could have

“spoken

"spoken by a tongue from every drop;
 "he could not have said more."

Miss Layton began to ask Lucy for admission (if it might be) to an evening scene of their domestic life. But her brother was pursuing the subject immediately before him. "Could these grateful offers," said he, "meet refusal?" "Every one," said Paul: "not a farthing would my father excuse himself from paying." "These," added Mary, "were his words; or nearly. 'Take what is your due. If I am poor, yet I must not rob the poor. I may possibly, with these good hands' (and he smiled) 'maintain my own. If I cannot, I will accept then your *alms*, with thankfulness.'" "Is one to praise this," said Mr. Layton, "or blame it? Admire I must. These are not like the great thoughts, and great language, which some may boast. For these are accompanied by great *deeds*. To play with Fortune,

" Fortune,—to make her but a sport ! To
 " laugh at her frowns, and send her, fullen,
 " in search of her game elsewhere ! Vul-
 " gar contentment ought to blush at the
 " fight. I must, Madam, intreat to know
 " your husband." " He shall be inform-
 " ed, Sir," said Mary : " he will not de-
 " spise the honour."

" I cannot," said Miss Layton, " fear
 " giving offence, in asking whether some
 " friendly heart may not have been gra-
 " tified with the pleasure of affording you
 " relief." " A gentleman," said Lucy,
 " in whose neighbourhood we live, has
 " generously placed us in this little farm."
 " That gentleman," said Mary, " is a
 " blessing to this country. Let the op-
 " pressed apply to him ! Let those who
 " have been disappointed in attempting to
 " be useful in the world, apply to him !"
 " To the extent of his power," added
 " Paul, " his rule is this : let every man
 " have his fair and equal chance, of doing
 " good

“ good in the world and prospering.” “ A
 “ character, surely,” said Mr. Layton,
 “ of the highest order; and far nobler
 “ than that generosity which throws around
 “ halfpence, or shillings, or guineas, in
 “ such a manner as if a mere scramble to
 “ please boys were intended !”

The mother informed him, that, by the kindness of that gentleman, they had lived rent-free one year; and that he had voluntarily engaged to defer the payment of rent for two years longer. “ By the time,” added she, “ that our purse is called upon, “ Paul and his father insist that it will be “ rich.” “ Mother,” says Paul, “ if riches “ lie but within our soil, we will not spare “ for digging them out.” Mr. Layton saw into the diligent and trusty spirit of Paul: whose words agreed well with that contempt for the frowns of fortune, so distinguishing a part of the father’s character. He rose from his seat, to take in a warm but respectful manner the hand with which
 Paul

Paul had given emphasis to his speech. "Sir," says he, "permit me to shake that hand."

He then expressed a desire to know the name of their benefactor, whom they so highly extolled. Learning that it was Mr. Ambrook, Mr. and Miss Layton cast a look of congratulation at each other. "He will not fail you," said Mr. Layton. Of this Mary expressed herself fully satisfied. "But," said she, "do you know him?" They informed her, that they not only knew him, but were connected with him by blood, and more strongly by esteem and affection. Upon which, the mother and daughter now cast at each other a look of congratulation. "He hinted," said Mr. Layton, "at a misfortune of some worthy man, and promised us the full history when we should be more at leisure." "And he shall give us it yet;" said Miss Layton.

She

She was now put in mind by her brother, that the sun told them they no longer stood in need of shelter. She remarked, that it was a new thing to see the sun come out after a gloom and a shower, without welcoming his appearance. Lucy was spirited up to subjoin, "The sun says, Come and walk: but what do *we* say?—A while ago, Madam, you bade me to speak freely.—And it is wet." The mother having added a few words, Miss Layton was induced to wait a little for the drying power of the sun to take effect.

Paul got upon his legs. "What says the sun to *me*?—Return to your work." "Let me attend you, Sir," said Mr. Layton: "then you and I may talk over these matters a little further." "If my tools," replied Paul, "are not offensive." Mr. Layton was a man more likely to be proud of such a companion, than ashamed of him. "If any friend of mine," says he,

he, "meeting us, should look askance and
 "sneer, I will touch my hat to him, and
 "with him a good walk." Paul having
 observed that the work which called him
 laid towards Mr. Ambrook's house, Mr.
 Layton said to his sister that she would
 find him in her return, and then took a
 respectful leave of the hospitable mistress
 of this lowly mansion: adding, "Miss
 "Lucy, recommend us to your father.
 "And, unless a prohibition should come
 "against our evening visit, expect us very
 "soon."

CHAP. II.

WHEN Mr. and Miss Layton arrived at Mr. Ambrook's, they found Mr. Edward Campley: who, travelling that way, had called at his house to visit them. Mr. Ambrook, who had never seen him before, was beginning to exercise towards him that cheerful hospitality which tends to give the host and the guest a degree of interest in each other. But Mr. Layton arrived in a very short time: and Mr. Ambrook, who had indeed a small engagement, left them to the enjoyment of meeting after a pretty long separation. They were friends of an oldish date, for so young men, but not particularly intimate. It was presently settled that Campley should proceed no farther upon his journey that day. And such part of the interval

Interval before dinner as passed in conversation, was given to subjects which may be here omitted.

The days were now short. And, before dinner was finished at Mr. Ambrook's, George Eynsbury and his son had quitted their employments out of doors, and were shut up for the evening in their homely but happy party. Eynsbury, when a farmer of some opulence, had deprived himself of many happy evenings of this sort: receiving, in exchange, only the society of persons comparatively indifferent to him. He has since confessed, that it was his poverty only which completely introduced him to domestic felicity. He received an eager account of the accidental visit, paid to his cottage in the morning by Mr. and Miss Layton. He was gratified by their intention of returning some evening. Which gratification he could not have had, or not so well founded, if Mr. Layton had been his inferior, and
sought

sought means of introducing himself. This indeed compensates some of the disadvantages of poverty; and is an advantage strongly felt by men of virtue and sensibility: that, where their superiors seem desirous of their society, they are probably sincere, and desire it for inherent qualities, which belong to the man and not to his trappings.

Eynsbury was afterwards going to spend a short time over a trifle: if we may call that a trifle which employed his hands in the service of his neighbours and in public utility, and kept his thoughts close to his beloved Lucy. While his wife was knitting, and Lucy sowing, he had got a piece of wood, with a chisel and some other tools about him: and Paul was just then standing over him to observe his operations. "Lucy, this will not do," says he: "about a present, you know, " and a reward, one should be a little " nice. I must look for a better piece

C

" of

"of wood." "Reward!" says Mary to her daughter: "something, I suppose, for your knitting-school! Have you engaged your father in the service?" "He has engaged himself in it," answered Lucy: "to-day he asked me, who was the best knitter in my school. I told him, Sally Vincent. So Sally, he says, shall have a new knitting-sheath, as neat as he can make one." "That young girl," says Paul, "with an old green bonnet?" "Yes," she said, "only nine years old.—The sweetest little girl!" "And, Lucy," says Paul, "you have a *second* best: have you not?" "Yes, Paul, I think so." "Let me," says he, "try my hand. I'll come as near to my father as I can: and you shall make mine a present for the second." "But," says the father, "if yours prove the better workmanship, Paul?" "I wish," answered Paul diffidently, "I wish it could." "Then," said Mary, "Paul's must be given to Sally; and
 "yours

“yours to the second.” This did not quite accord with Lucy’s ideas. “But—” “but,” says she, “I think, if it were my father’s workmanship, and if Sally might receive it from his own hands, it would—O, I should so like to see her take it.” This glow of affection towards her father and her young scholar, animated her expressive countenance. But, when she finished speaking, she cast a hesitating look at Paul, from a slight fear lest she should have offended him, or given him cause for offence. He soon reconciled her to herself, by telling her cheerfully she need have no fear of his going beyond his father; hoping, however, that *his* workmanship might do for the second scholar. “Else,” cried Lucy, “I shall think her very saucy.” Paul pressed her hand: and Lucy’s affections (with father, brother, and scholars) were as busy as those of the first beauty in the kingdom, with wit, compliment, and adoration,

ration, crowding upon her in every shape of elegance.

A knock at the door interrupted the business and the conversation. A person entered, who was, in reality or appearance, a common beggar. He asked for Mr. Eynsbury. "My husband is here," answered Mary. On his requesting to speak with him, as if he wished it should be in private, Mary took her two children with her, and went to a neighbour's house.

Both stood silent awhile. Eynsbury felt a rising impatience. For, with the finest sense of compassion he united the strongest abhorrence of the idleness, and other bad qualities, of vagrants. "What is your errand?" says he. "My errand," replied the other, "does not shew itself, then!" "No.—Relief?" "Unknown," said the stranger, "unre-
commended,

"commended, how could one hope to
 "raise your pity?" "Yes," replied
 Eynsbury, "pity, at least;—that is, to-
 "wards an honest man. Bring proof of
 "your distress. Make yourself and your
 "case known. I could fancy I had seen
 "your face. If it be as a vagrant's face
 "that I have learnt it, I have no answer
 "but one." "I am no vagrant," was
 simply replied. "Explain yourself," urged
 Eynsbury. Then, checking himself sud-
 denly, "Yet, why indeed? In a house
 "like this you can expect no substantial
 "alms, though you could shew —."
 "I think," interrupted the stranger, "you
 "have that which may relieve *my* want."
 "The slender alms," rejoined Eynsbury,
 "that our daily needs can spare, those three
 "(I know well) who left us would not
 "grudge. But, first —," "I must not
 "be denied," said the stranger. And, al-
 though the tone was consistent with mo-
 desty and benevolence, yet such language
 from a beggar's mouth compelled Eynsbury

to exclaim. "But, now," added the stranger, "suppose for one moment that "I am honest: suppose me some old and "industrious neighbour, whom accident "has brought to a level with the poor." These words struck Eynsbury in a forcible manner. He began to trace some features of an ancient friend, of the name of Haynes: who, it occurred, might have suffered a calamity as bad as his own, with less means of recovering from it. He uttered a few broken phrases, expressive of what passed in his mind.

And Haynes, indeed, it was: who had, for many years, lived as Mr. Ambrook's steward, on a distant estate of his; and, being come to Edington, for a single day, was now acting under his orders, in the disguise of a beggar. He was so altered during his long absence, and so concealed by disguise, that it was no impeachment of Eynsbury's sagacity, to suspect him no sooner. Haynes perceived that Eynsbury
went

went not beyond conjecture; and he suffered him to remain in uncertainty. He only said, "Suppose me, for a moment, "to be that ancient friend. What language might I then hear from you?"

Eynsbury could not account for this. But, still thinking the probability to be that the person before him was Haynes, and also aware that, if the supposition proved a false one, no promise or engagement, founded upon it, could hold good, he gave the reins to his impetuous benevolence, and his sensations of triumph over the attacks of Fortune. Having before his eyes the image of a distress like that from which he and his family had arrived to content and cheerfulness, he expressed himself as follows. "If that is your case, my ancient and worthy friend, I have at least "*these* alms, which money may not outweigh:—the sight of a family making "sport of Fortune's frowns. Stay and "behold it with me, in this cottage."

These words, together with the energy of their delivery, the hearer believed to accord well with the magnanimous feelings of the speaker. But, preserving his coolness, he pressed Eynsbury further. "Is this," says he, "the utmost I may hope from you?" "The best, I will pronounce," answered Eynsbury;—his mind impressed with the excellence of the methods which he and his family had pursued. However, after a moment's pause, he added, "But hold.—Dear Haynes, I have bethought me" (and he smiled) "of a trusty friend; who will not, I hope, desert us in a strait." "A friend, Sir?" "Yes; and an old one:—this arm. It tells me it can do an hour's work extraordinary at nights, in a good cause."

"Generous soul!" exclaimed Haynes; struck with admiration of Eynsbury's character, with gratitude for the intended exertions in his own favour, and with the hope of executing successfully Mr. Ambrook's

brook's commission: "I know thy poverty. I have heard of thy losses: and on them I found the hope of obtaining what I wish." "On them, do you say?" "Yes, Sir," said Haynes: "do not stand upon explanation; accept but this piece of paper." Eynsbury, taking it into his hands, and perceiving it to be a bill of exchange for a hundred guineas, exclaimed, "What means this? Back with it, quick, into your pocket." Haynes stood aloof. "The way to mine, Sir," continued Eynsbury, rapidly, and almost peevishly, "never must it find, coming from such a one as yours."

Haynes began to despair. In pursuance of Mr. Ambrook's instructions, and hoping to have escaped undiscovered by Eynsbury, he had drawn him on into such conversation as above related: in order that Eynsbury, being warmed by the glow of his own benevolence, might accept what proceeded from that of another.

But, finding it impossible to effect what Mr. Ambrook had wished, that is, Eynsbury's acceptance of the gift without being informed of the donor, he requested at least a promise of silence: which having with difficulty obtained, he departed.

"Amazement!" cried Eynsbury, when he found himself alone. "If not Haynes, "who can this man be, or what? My "confusion prevented my speaking to "him as he left me." Then he fell into a deep musing. "I would not," said he presently, "I *would* not be a proud, "a contemptuous fool; to spurn gifts "which come from generous hearts, "knowing when and how to give. No: "I would not." After a slight pause, he went on. "My beloved wife, to make "thee poor were indeed a paltry pride. "Thy lovely, loving smiles, my sweet "Lucy, I should ill deserve, and ill enjoy too, if conscious of no better motive "than a rash, pettish, or wanton childish-

7

"ness,

" nefs, for refusing this noble sum ; which
 " (altho' in thy features I trace the very
 " image of undisturbed content) I could
 " rejoice to admit into thy service.—And,
 " Paul, too :—how useful to *him* might—
 " but the thing was impossible.—In rags !
 " —And, who can tell where he may
 " have got the money ?—Yet men do not
 " commit theft, to do acts like this."

He had not long pursued his train of
 thought, when Mr. Ambrook came to
 his door. Who, giving Eynsbury a com-
 mon kind of salutation, perceived such an
 embarrassment in his answer and his looks,
 as seemed to intitle him to inquire what
 was the matter. " You surprised me,
 " Sir," says Eynsbury, " in deeper thought
 " than usual. An affair——." He
 stopped short: fearing he might drop
 some expression leading to discover what
 he had promised to keep secret. " Do
 " not I," said Mr. Ambrook, " know
 " the business ?" " You, Sir ?" " A

"fellow left your door," pursued Mr. Ambrook, "in his dress, not much above a beggar. May not I have learnt his errand?" "Sir, could *you*,"—cried Eynsbury, "could—? But I know that you will approve of my keeping a promised secret." "From me," answered Mr. Ambrook, "you cannot keep it, however faithful." He produced the bill, and went on. "I hope, no scruples will now remain. Grant a request to *me*, which you have denied so hastily to that poor beggar." "And was that poor beggar," exclaimed Eynsbury, "was he Mr. Ambrook?" "It used to be said," replied he, "that Haynes and I had a resemblance to each other. And my first wish was, to personate the beggar myself. But I could not hope to escape undetected by your eyes. Haynes happened to be here. He is prudent, and can be silent. I hope, no harm will arise from that quarter." "I fear none," answered Eynsbury. — "Sir,

“you perplexed me.” “Yes,” replied Mr. Ambrook; “but now your difficulties are gone. I have got a better coat on, you see, than my representative.” Eynsbury, collecting his thoughts, which brought an earnest gravity, mixed with affection, into his countenance, gave this answer. “You, Sir, are the man, above all others, whom, in a certain respect, I ought to refuse. For who, that has a sense of obligation, suffers without pain an endless repetition from the same unwearied benefactor? Yet you, Sir, above all others, are the person, I own, to whom I can submit to be indebted.”

Mr. Ambrook, having expressed his thanks for being distinguished in so flattering a manner, held out the bill, and reminded him of the promise of silence. “It was the beggar,” answered Eynsbury, “who requested that. Mr. Ambrook will not think of insisting upon it.” Mr. Ambrook gave him his reasons at some length.

length. "The busy world," says he,
 "taking upon them in the first place, to
 "determine what my income is, go on to
 "amuse themselves with settling the pro-
 "portions it is fitting for me to bestow in
 "the various exigencies which occur. If
 "I give less, I am niggardly, or hard-
 "hearted, or high, or scornful, or all of
 "these: if I give *more* than my sovereign
 "judges have assessed me, I am ambitious,
 "politic, or ostentatious, cruel to my wife
 "and family, a fool, or blind and partial.
 "He'll squander on his favourite, they
 "will say, meaning the man" (he lays his
 hand on Eynsbury's shoulder) "whom I
 "boast to call my friend, sums which
 "would supply bread to many a mouth
 "that is in want of a wholesome meal."
 "And might not," said Eynsbury, "the
 "money be so applied?" "I could, in-
 "deed," answered Mr. Ambrook, "easi-
 "ly find many a mouth in want through
 "idleness, and which, after consuming the
 "largest donations, would return to want
 "again.

“ again. But these are not my objects.
 “ I think, for once, I know who it is I am
 “ giving to : and the world’s free tongue
 “ shall not take away my freedom. On-
 “ ly, to avoid impertinent constructions,
 “ suffer a scrap of paper to change posses-
 “ sors without their knowledge.”

To these reasons Eynsbury yielded, with
 respect to the world at large ; but gave
his reasons why he should be allowed to
 inform his own family, of whose faithful
 secrecy he spoke highly from experience.
 Here, then, the matter was compromised.
 The property was transferred. And
 Eynsbury was endeavouring to express a
 thankfulness of heart which words could
 not well convey, when his wife interrupt-
 ed him by her return. Fearing she might
 prevent any business, she was about to re-
 tire. “ Our business,” said Mr. Ambrook,
 “ is finished, I believe.” “ On your part,
 “ Sir,” answered Eynsbury : who then be-
 gan to open to his wife the purport of Mr.
 Ambrook’s

Ambrook's visit, and to beg her assistance in expressing a thankfulness suited to the occasion. But Mr. Ambrook, who wished not to lengthen his absence from his own family party, pleaded engagement at home, before Eynsbury had advanced much towards explaining the affair to Mary; and left them to themselves.

"What new addition," says Mary, "can he have heaped on his former bounty?" Her husband put the bill into her hand. "This," said she, "will raise a clamour abroad." "But remember," said Eynsbury instantly, "it is to remain concealed. I could barely obtain leave to inform you and our children." "They will be coming soon," said Mary. "Do you," replied Eynsbury, "do you inform them: and question them what uses they have for it. I will sit by, listen, and look."

It was not long before the son and daughter

daughter arrived. Mary, having raised their curiosity by telling them, with a good deal of meaning in her look, that they were five minutes too late, went on: "Suppose, " now, that some gentleman had brought " a rich purse, had laid it down, and said, " Lucy, or, Paul, this purse lies at your " disposal." "I know," said Lucy, "how " part of it should have been spent, if offered to *me*." "And prithee," said Mary, "how?" "I will tell you, if you " please," says Lucy, "something I have " heard this afternoon. You sent me, " you know, from our neighbour's house, " upon an errand. Paul had some business near the place: and in my return I " was to call for him. But, first, beside " a cottage which gave a light, I found a " poor little girl, all sobs and tears. I " asked her if she was hurt. She cried, " 'O, my poor father!' I asked her several questions. But she sobbed so much, " I could not hear well what she said. " However, I learnt that his leg was " broken.

"broken. She cried out, 'He's killed,
 " ' he's killed.' I told her I hoped not;
 " and asked the name of her father, and
 " where he lived. 'William Lake,' she
 " said; 'O, my poor father!'"

"William?" exclaimed Eynsbury and
 his wife, at the same instant. "He will
 "be ruined by it," said Paul: who had
 already heard the story from Lucy, as they
 walked home together. "Was that all,"
 said Mary, "that you learnt about it?"
 "No," answered Lucy. "I thought the
 "name sounded as if I had heard it; and
 "the house was close by. So I ventured
 "to the door, to make inquiry." "You
 "did very right," said Eynsbury. She
 went on. "They knew me, and behav-
 "ed so civilly,—as if I had done a favour."
 "The favour, you know," said Mary, "of
 "inquiry." "O, that!" answered she,
 in a slight tone. She had not, at the time,
 felt herself to be doing a favour. She had
 followed an impulse. Who would not
 wish

wish his child to feel such a one, and to follow it?

“ I found,” pursued she, “ that the
 “ broken limb was truth : but they said
 “ William is likely to do well. While
 “ they were telling how the misfortune
 “ happened, I looked by chance on one
 “ side : and, where an inner door was just
 “ then open, I saw through, and was di-
 “ rectly struck with the features of a face.”
 “ You then saw who it was,” said Mary.
 “ I felt my limbs,” pursued Lucy, “ be-
 “ gin to tremble so, that I knew not whe-
 “ ther they would bring me back home.
 “ I saw it to be the face of that poor man
 “ who had made us love him so, after our
 “ fire ; who begged (you know, father),
 “ with tears on his cheeks, that you would
 “ not think any more of what you owed
 “ him.” “ William,” said Eynsbury,
 “ *was* the man.” “ To see his face
 “ again,” said she, “ the same, yet so dif-
 “ ferent ! To see the friend of my father,
 “ and

“and of us all, laid in that condition,—
 “so helpless!” “Yes, poor Lucy,” added Eynsbury, (his voice not perfectly firm), “it was a dismal sight.” Then, recovering the command of his voice, “If you know more, proceed: for I must look after him.”

Lucy went on. “When William heard I was there, he cried, ‘What, Mr. Eynsbury’s daughter! Let me see her; if a sick man’s bed does not frighten her.’ So I went. ‘Thank you, my dear young lady,’—those were his words. As he spoke on, I could not hear all he said: and, stooping to listen, I got down, by some means, upon my knees. Then I felt ashamed, and was rising as quick as I could. But he stopped me; begging me to keep that posture, if I could submit: because he could more easily speak what he had a wish to say.” “Well, Lucy!” said Eynsbury, earnestly. Lucy proceeded: “Says he, ‘A few years ago, your father,

“‘who,

“ ‘ who then lived in plenty, made us a
 “ ‘ young present, which has now long
 “ ‘ been an useful creature, and fed us with
 “ ‘ her good milk. Long she has repaid
 “ ‘ all she ever cost us. So, he needs not
 “ ‘ now object to take her back. I have
 “ ‘ often thought of it, since your fire. It
 “ ‘ is all I ask. He would not do what I
 “ ‘ begged, about some money that he
 “ ‘ kept for me. *You* can prevail, per-
 “ ‘ haps, my young Madam,’ he said; ‘ do
 “ ‘ intreat him.’ I did not know what to
 “ ‘ say to him.”

“ ‘ Mary, what a man !” exclaimed Eyns-
 bury. “ This,” said she, “ is no com-
 “ ‘ mon gratitude.” “ How can he,” said
 Paul, with a roughness with which he
 sometimes uttered sentiments worthy of a
 softer manner,—“ how can he think of
 “ ‘ giving, when he lies there on his bed,
 “ ‘ and cannot earn a penny ?” “ Are you
 “ ‘ right ?” said Eynsbury to his daughter.
 “ ‘ They told me,” she answered, “ that he
 “ ‘ was

" was coming to return your present ;
 " bringing her, with the hope that you
 " would not send her back. Seeing her en-
 " tangled with two carriages, he was afraid
 " she should be hurt, and tried to release
 " her. In doing this, some way (I think
 " I did not understand how) he met with
 " his misfortune." " I must go this mo-
 " ment," cries Eynsbury : and he rushed
 out of the house.

" Lucy," says Paul, " had we now the
 " purse !" " We could employ it," was
 her answer. " Mother," said he, " what
 " were you saying about a rich purse ?"
 " Can you be secret ?" she asked ; " and
 " you, Lucy ?" They both soon gave se-
 curity sufficient to a mother who knew
 them so well. " It is Mr. Ambrook,"
 pursued she, " who has left a weighty purse
 " of gold, to make us all rich again."—
 How different, at different times, is the
 succession of our ideas ! That of Lucy's,
 on the present occasion, was so rapid, that
 she

she was presently reinstating herself in her former situation : and (strange as it may appear to some) that which struck her the most forcibly was, that, if the restoration of riches must bring back the avocations which had in some degree kept Eynsbury out of the bosom of his family, she should prefer a continuance in their present condition. What she had told Miss Layton in the morning, "He was but like half the father to us that he is now," was not more than she felt. And, on the mention of being "rich again," she soon recurred to that feeling, and exclaimed, "And, shall I lose my father?" Her mother did not at first comprehend her ; but, when she did, bade her not be uneasy : adding, "He has now tasted the sweets of a domestic life; for which (he affirms), while unabated, he would not accept even the riches of the realm." And Paul reminded his sister, that no *gift* could be large enough to restore them to their former state. Then, asking if they might know
the

the sum, and being told, he exclaimed, " Yet is it noble, too." " Yes," says Lucy, " when I next meet Mr. Ambrook, " I will give such a look, with a curtsy, " that he shall perceive I know, though " *that* will not tell tales."

Mary now talked to her children on the subject her husband had proposed: that is, what uses they could find for this new gift of their benefactor. Paul said, at first, that she and his father would judge best of the disposal of it. But, being questioned further, he said that Lucy had pointed out a way to lessen the sum. His mother asked him to mention what proportion of the whole he should wish to give in such a case as William Lake's. Paul then expatiated upon William's poverty in spite of industry, upon his large and young family, and lastly upon his late accident. Then he added, "*We* shall do very well as we " are. So, as for *his* share of our new- " found wealth, the more the better, is " all

“all I have to say.” To which Lucy subjoined an assent for herself. But Mary, glad of their benevolence, yet desirous to teach them how they should make it go the farthest,—how they should render benevolence the most beneficent,—reminded them of their father’s rule: which Paul repeated, “Give so, that you can give again.” And Mary added the *reason* which her husband used to urge: “Poverty and pain are poverty and pain, wherever you find them; and what you have once given away, you cannot (though deeper distress present itself) give again.” “This,” said Mary, “is indeed what a *miser* could abuse. But, shall we be misers?” “Not till we are poorer,” answered Paul.

“Lucy,” said Paul, “what should you think of opening our boxes?” “Never better,” she answered. To explain this, it is necessary to mention a contrivance which occurred to their father awhile before the fire that reduced the family. He

D

gave

gave his children this rule : “ Whenever
 “ you meet with a strolling beggar, and
 “ find yourselves inclined to put a few
 “ idle halfpence in his hand; instead of
 “ that, put them in a box. Afterwards
 “ you can take out in larger sums,
 “ and give to those modest poor who
 “ struggle in patient industry with their
 “ wants.” When Mary first heard of this
 from her children, “ It is like your fa-
 “ ther,” she exclaimed; “ his gifts were
 “ ever full of thought: large, but not pro-
 “ digal; well placed always, and well-
 “ timed.” He gave a box to each of
 them. And the beneficent accumulation
 was going on prosperously, when the re-
 verse of fortune arrived. It happened,
 however, that the boxes were, then under-
 going some alteration; and the stores of
 both, being in Paul’s pocket, were pre-
 served. In the extreme of distress, it was
 not thought necessary to abstain from ap-
 plying these stores to lessen the immediate
 wants of the family. But the sums were
 carefully

carefully noted: in hopes that it might be possible, at some future time, to repay them as a loan. After this heroic family had settled themselves in their new station, and become habituated to daily labour, the two young persons stimulated each other to lay up, by special exertions, a trifle towards the repayment of the *loan*. The father encouraged them by his approbation, and assisted them by his ingenuity. And, before the accident happened to William Lake, the boxes had begun again to yield a good found. The young persons, during the original storing of the boxes, had often suffered a pang in passing by apparent distress, according to their father's directions, and in reliance on his judgment. And, in the replenishing of them, they had laboured with peculiar zeal and assiduity. The time was now come, that they could rejoice in the success of the whole. They had a sum, not despicable, to bestow in a case of clear

and indisputable distress, and on an object beloved and esteemed, which they would long before have given away in cases of doubtful distress, to persons wandering about illegally or idly, and who, as strangers, could not be objects of their personal regard. Feeling warmly the success of their father's contrivance and their own exertions, they were impatient to make them useful to poor William Lake. Lucy asked her mother's leave to carry alms to him early next day. Her mother encouraged her to think that her father would not object; and suggested another thing which accorded well with Lucy's wishes. "You are no bad cook," said the mother: "and sick persons are sometimes nice, and apt also to take little fancies. William may like a dish because *you* have cooked it. Make an offer, Lucy, to help a little in the house." This animated Lucy's countenance wonderfully: and,

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thanking

thanking her mother as for a great favour, she made an appointment to go early with Paul, who was anxious to see his *friend* William (as he called him) on his sick bed.

C H A P. III.

MR. and Miss Layton were strongly prompted to relate to Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook the interesting visit to the cottage, for which they were indebted to the shower. But, as they walked home, they agreed to suppress, for a while, the particulars they had heard, relating to the reduction of the Eynsbury family: lest, after they had given their account, Mr. Ambrook should plead that it was unnecessary to give them the history he had promised, of the misfortune of "some worthy man;" whom they now believed to be Eynsbury, and whose story they only knew so well as to make them the more intent upon hearing it minutely from Mr. Ambrook. His mind, on his return from the cottage, was

so busied about its inhabitants, that he could have talked much more naturally on the subject of their affairs than on any other. But he felt an impropriety in entering fully into the history just then; as it might take up more time than politeness would permit, in the presence of Mr. Edward Campley, a stranger, whose stay might be only for one night. And he was also restrained by a fear lest he should betray himself into any discovery of the visit he had paid, by stealth, to the cottage since dinner.

There was to be an assembly that evening in a neighbouring town. And Mrs. Ambrook was desirous of attending Mr. and Miss Layton to it, if they wished to go,—as was most probable. The subject had indeed been introduced once or twice before: but nothing had been fixed. When Mr. Ambrook returned, Mrs. Ambrook told him they had been discussing the question, and that Mr. and Miss Layton had

found more difficulties than she had expected from them. They were not without fear that Mrs. Ambrook had much rather stay at home. Then, Mr. Edward Campley was not equipped for a dance: and, though he was perfectly willing to accommodate himself to the amusement of others, yet they were unwilling to occupy the only evening he might be with them in a way which he seemed rather to consent to through politeness, than to embrace with pleasure. "Go, go;" says Mr. Ambrook; persuaded that Mrs. Ambrook really wished the pleasure of the younger persons, and that the pleasure of the younger persons (Mr. Edward Campley included) would probably, on the whole, be found in an evening of public amusement.

"Can you, then," said Mr. Layton to Mrs. Ambrook, "find partners for us?" "Do not," answered she, "pay your sister so bad a compliment as to be anxious
ous

"ous about her: and, for yourself, if you
 "think you cannot make your own way,
 "we will see what can be done." "I
 "hate mistakes," he said, "and rebuffs,
 "on these occasions: but, under the
 "wing of Mrs. Ambrook—" She inter-
 rupted him, "A truce to compliment!"
 Then, after a pause (in which a tender
 thoughtfulness crept upon her looks), "I
 "knew a girl. Her station was not such
 "as to draw her much into assemblies;
 "But she was polished *above* her station;
 "she was gentle, mild, and blooming;—
 "danced so well too, and with spirit: but
 "younger, perhaps, than you would select
 "for a partner." "And, is she vanish-
 "ed?" said Layton; "married away?"
 "Not so. Fate has nipped her in the
 "bud. She is sunk, poor creature, along
 "with her family." "Sunk, Madam?
 "How, pray?" said Layton; interested
 by Mrs. Ambrook's look and manner, to-
 gether with her words. "Poverty's cold
 "hand," she answered, "has seized with

"a rude attack the opening gem: which
 "will now wither; or faintly blow, before
 "eyes unskilled in such a flower."

"Hush! hush!" said she, "and listen!"

"O, Madam," exclaims Miss Layton,

"my brother can guess whom you mean."

"So can I," Mr. Edward Campley's

ears began to find full employment: and

his tongue let them perform their office

quietly. "You never saw the girl that I

mean," replied Mrs. Ambrook. "She

"was scarcely twelve years old, when you

"last visited Edington, or not much more.

"She would not attract your notice. And,

"before you came this time, she was re-

"moved from your ordinary observ-

"ance, by an accident which makes me

"yet shudder to remember." "I wish

"indeed, Sir," said Mr. Ambrook, "we

"could call it accident. It was villainy;

"—the deepest villainy. But" (turning

to Mrs. Ambrook) "you have taken up

"the story in that part in which the ears

"of a young man will find sweeter food:

"and

"and why should I give a jar to his feelings?" "Thank you, Sir," said Mr. Layton. "But all the family," resumed Mrs. Ambrook, "the father, the mother," "and the son, as well as this poor girl," "acquitted themselves on that occasion," "with such a noble spirit, that one may (as it were) imagine them to have acquired," "as much in the love, the esteem, and," "the praise of all who know them, as they," "have lost in property."

"Every word," says Layton, "that falls," "from yourself, Madam, and from Mr.," "Ambrook, confirms us that we do not," "mistake:—we have seen your favourite," "girl." "Name her, and decide the," "point." "Miss Lucy Eynsbury," replied Layton. "Certainly you are right." "But where, and how?" "A friendly," "shower," said Miss Layton, "introduced," "us. The next time we shall venture to," "introduce ourselves." "We did not," "see the father," added Mr. Layton;

“ but we learnt what made us much wish it.
 “ We hope, some evening, to spend an
 “ hour in their cheerful cottage. The fa-
 “ ther will not dislike it?” “ I think not,”
 said Mr. Ambrook; “ and you will be
 “ gratified. The father, Mr. Layton, is
 “ one who——what shall I say?—You
 “ have seen a delicious picture, in which
 “ the tragic and the comic muse are con-
 “ tending for our famed Roscius. In the
 “ same manner might poverty and wealth
 “ contend for George Eynsbury. Had you
 “ seen him in his former station, you would
 “ have said that he might have graced one
 “ still higher; so polished were his man-
 “ ners. And now he has made the lowest
 “ place at Fortune’s footstool to yield him
 “ contentment and a cheerful meal.”
 “ Sir,” said Miss Layton, “ suffer a con-
 “ jecture :—that this was the man whose
 “ story you promised us.” “ You are
 “ right.” “ And when, Sir,” said Mr.
 Layton, “ may we hope for the perform-
 “ ance of your promise ?” “ Any time,”
 answered

answered Mr. Ambrook. "No time," replied Layton, "is like the present."

Mrs. Ambrook reminded them that it was time to dress for the assembly. But the feelings of the party had got into a train totally different. "We will tell you something," said Mr. Layton to Mr. Ambrook, "if you will promise that it shall make no difference in the narration you are to give us." Mr. Ambrook finding no difficulty in making that promise, and Miss Layton nodding assent, Mr. Layton said they had already heard the story. "From whom?" says Mrs. Ambrook. "From those," answered Miss Layton, "who knew it but too well." "And thus," said Mrs. Ambrook, "were you employed in the shower: when we wondered what was become of you." "True, Madam," she replied. "But," added Mr. Layton, "we shall glean various little particulars from the full account which Mr. Ambrook is to give us." Mr. Edward

ward Campley continued an unremitting attention to what was said.

"Now, then, for the assembly," said Mr. Ambrook; but subjoining immediately, "and, when you go to the cottage, will you take a third person in your party?" Campley looked eager. Miss Layton saw it, and asked Mrs. Ambrook if she meant herself. She answered that she did. "A fourth?" said Mr. Ambrook. They proceeded to fix an evening. But amongst so many persons so many engagements were found, that the proposed visit seemed to be driving to a great distance. The attention of Campley had not escaped Mr. Layton: who began to conjecture that he could not find any amusement more likely to suit his friend than admission to the cottage. And though, at any other time, himself and his sister would very coolly have deferred the cottage visit to a pretty distant day, rather than intirely lose the pleasure which Mrs. Ambrook had proposed

to

to them; yet, to those who have observed how much the being worked up gradually to one thing wears away our relish for another, it may not seem wonderful that he should hazard so bold a proposal as that of forsaking the assembly intirely, and making use of the present evening for the visit to the cottage. His sister jestingly upbraided him with desertion: but not being herself in the exact humour for an assembly, soon gave into the proposal. Mr. Edward Campley presently removed all difficulties respecting himself, provided those who could best judge saw no impropriety in his being admitted to the cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook giving their opinion on this point in his favour, ("for," says Mrs. Ambrook, "they are not a set of "unbred rustics,") the plan was presently settled. And, while they drank their tea, Mr. Ambrook prepared them for the visit (Campley in particular, as the most ignorant) by giving the promised history of the cottagers: which Campley devoured with great avidity.

CHAP. IV.

IN the mean time these cottagers (the father excepted) were passing their evening, at home, as comfortably as the absence of the father upon an occasion of distress like William Lake's, would permit. A little before Eynsbury returned from William's, Paul had begun to read to his mother and sister part of a novel, in which they were considerably advanced by some former readings. "Do you," said Mary, "conjecture the catastrophe?" "In reading things of this kind," answered Paul, "I always find the story itself, as it goes on, enough for my comprehension. I am too busy with the past and the present, to form conjectures about what is to come. Perhaps Lucy has made it out."

“ out.” “ No, Paul,” said Lucy : “ the
 “ man you have been reading about, who
 “ lived so long without tasting solid food,
 “ made me think of William. And, as
 “ the story went along, and told of his sink-
 “ ing towards his grave, rather than earn
 “ one morsel by villainy, I saw poor Wil-
 “ liam’s face with my eyes so fairly, that I
 “ had almost forgot the other man, and
 “ scarcely knew but it was William you were
 “ reading of.” “ But, is the likeness of the
 “ stories so very great ?” said Mary. “ No,
 “ perhaps not;” she answered. “ With
 “ having your eyes so long upon his face,”
 said Paul, “ you had got it in your me-
 “ mory so strongly, that every thing you
 “ could see or hear was William.”

Eynsbury opened the door; saying, “ I
 “ heard you speak his name as I entered.
 “ Poor fellow ! What a cripple he lies,
 “ yonder !—A wife and six small children !
 “ And, what do you think ? (I learnt it
 “ accidentally.) Consenting to a plan pro-
 “ posed

" posed by some friends, who offered to
 " ask for him the alms of the benevolent,
 " he insists on this condition, that they
 " stop not at *our* threshold;—that they
 " do not tempt poor Mr. Eynsbury (he
 " said) to spend upon him what his own
 " greater wants at home must demand."
 " How does he mean?" said Paul;
 " greater wants?" " I imagine," an-
 swered Eynsbury, " that, because we have
 " been accustomed to a higher station, he
 " may think we should be apt to reckon
 " as *want* every thing short of that."
 " I am afraid," replied Paul, "*his* wants
 " are of a more serious kind."

Mary then told her husband that, in
 his absence, they had talked about the dis-
 posal of Mr. Ambrook's large donation;
 and, as to the share to be allotted to Wil-
 liam Lake, " The greater, the better,"
 was all that had been fixed by the chil-
 dren. Eynsbury desired his son to think
 again, commended liberality, but said he
 wished

wished his son to exercise his contrivance at leisure; assuring him that William should not want in the mean time. To these words, from any other mouth, Paul might have lent an ear somewhat doubting. But against Eynsbury's perfect sincerity, no man, who knew him, could have a suspicion. How then should his son?

A knock was heard at the door. On Paul's opening it, there entered the five persons who formed the party at Mr. Ambrook's. As Mr. and Miss Layton were the principals in this visit, Miss Layton entered first: and, having spoken to Mary, she said, "Miss Lucy, we are come sooner than you thought. You know what our errand is." "I have asked for leave," answered Lucy, "to introduce you. This, Madam, is my father." And, Mr. Ambrook having said to Eynsbury that Mr. Layton, who was related to the Ambrook family, wished
for

for acquaintance with him, Layton and Eynsbury shook hands. It was soon explained that Campley could not be left at Mr. Ambrook's alone: and these simple cottagers found no clownish distress from the presence of a stranger, whom Mr. Ambrook could think right to introduce.

Chairs, or other seats, were found; sufficient to seat the whole company assembled. Lucy was so pleased with this early compliment paid to her father, that she glowed with an animation which at least doubled her beauty; although this was far from despicable, even when her face was in its quiescent state. Campley came prepossessed in her favour. He got seated where he could easily view her countenance; and, after the first civilities were passed, she paid no such attention to him as put him to any difficulty in observing her. For, when she was not immediately engaged in conversation by any individual, she kept casting her eyes alternately on
her

her father and the person with whom he happened to be conversing. This she did with much less reserve than she might have done if but a very few years older : and, on the whole, she afforded, undesignedly, the best conceivable opportunities to Campley, of reading, in a retired silence, those charming sentiments which kept issuing from her dark eyes and speaking countenance.

Campley was reputed grave, steady, and cool. And, in some sense, this was just : for upon his actions much of that character was really impressed, by his principles of virtue and thoughtful attention, notwithstanding the warmth of his passions. A superficial observer would often fancy him destitute of feelings which he really experienced much more strongly than the observer himself. It happened once, that one of these superficial observers, who thought himself, and was thought, to be deeply in love, and talked
pretty

pretty often of being *fwainish* (as he called it), heard Campley drop some expression of a softer kind, and exclaimed with wonder, "What, are *you* ever *fwainish*?" Whereas, in truth, Campley was capable of a much stronger passion than his observer. Against mere beauty, detached from the mind, he had great power of resistance; though by no means insensible to it. If to beauty were added agreeable qualities, yet, if offensive qualities were intermixed, disgust was a complete shield to him. But, where esteem led the way, his resistance was gone; and female excellence of every kind carried his affections captive. In the present case, the poverty of the cottage was no protection to him: nor was the homeliness of Lucy's dress, or the conception of her humble employments. And the only command he retained over himself was that of endeavouring to conceal for the present the strength of his feelings.

"Mr. Ambrook," said Eynsbury,
"when

“ when I went to work this morning, I had
 “ no thoughts of finding at my return so
 “ great news arising from a shower. I
 “ found Paul and Lucy smirking, as if
 “ uncertain who should tell me the news:
 “ and even Mary had a smile upon her
 “ features which I could not account for.
 “ But they did not leave me long in sus-
 “ pense.” “ Often,” says Mr. Ambrook,
 “ one hears some lamenting a shower
 “ while others rejoice at it: but *this*
 “ shower every one has rejoiced at, as far
 “ as I have learnt.” “ Miss Lucy,” says
 Miss Layton, “ what is the amusement of
 “ this evening?” While Lucy answered
 this question, Eynsbury began to tell Mr.
 Ambrook about the situation in which he
 had found William Lake. “ Madam,” an-
 swered Lucy, “ my father has been out, and
 “ my brother has been reading a story to my
 “ mother and me;—so dismal a scene;—I
 “ feel so odd—.” Miss Layton desired her
 to forget it: in which she was seconded
 by Mrs. Ambrook. “ Yet,” said Mary,
 “ I could

“ I could wish my Lucy to have a feeling
 “ for others.” “ Surely,” replied Mrs.
 Ambrook ; “ and were it but in your
 “ daughter’s power” (this takes the atten-
 tion of Eynsbury) “ to wipe a tear from
 “ the distress that she has been hearing
 “ of, I would not by any means keep her
 “ back.” “ I hope she can,” joined
 Eynsbury ; “ and she herself has *seen—*.”
 His wife informed him that Mrs. Am-
 brook was speaking of the book which
 Paul had been reading to them. Eyns-
 bury had thought she meant William
 Lake : of whom he happened just then
 to be speaking to Mr. Ambrook. “ To-
 “ morrow,” says Mr. Ambrook, “ I will
 “ not fail to see him. For this evening,
 “ perhaps, you will be content to dis-
 “ miss the subject.” To this Eynsbury
 consented.

“ I am glad,” says Mr. Ambrook to
 Paul, “ to see you look so well,—so
 “ stout.” “ I thank you, Mr. Ambrook.”
 “ It

"It is said that air and exercise are two
 "good physicians: and I now make them
 "daily companions." "And you do
 "them credit," replied Mr. Ambrook.
 "My son Paul," added Eynsbury, "goes
 "to his work with a *good will*: which is
 "in the place of another excellent phy-
 "sician." "Did the world, Sir," said Mr.
 Layton, "face their hardships as you and
 "your family do, Fortune would find it a
 "task to create distress: but, as it is,
 "she makes a mock of the world;—as
 "you do of her." "She touched me
 "sparingly," exclaimed Eynsbury, with
 animation: "here are wife and children,
 "with health, limbs, and spirits. And
 "must I complain?"

Mrs. Ambrook begged Lucy to come
 to her for a moment; then reminded her
 that Mr. and Miss Layton were come in
 hopes of seeing an evening scene of their
 domestic life; and asked what was the
 amusement of that evening. While they

two were talking over this point, Eynsbury, fearing that poor Campley was rather neglected, said to him, "I fear, Sir, you have not got a good seat." On which, Paul offered him what might seem a better situation. But Campley had felt the excellence of that he was already in possession of: and, trusting to Lucy's returning to her seat, was so peremptory in refusing Paul's offer, that it became necessary for politeness to desist. In truth, every person had been engaged in such a manner as to forget Campley; which was exactly what he wished, so long as he held his excellent situation: for *he* was engaged in such a manner, that though he might have wished a share of conversation with Lucy, and possibly with Eynsbury too, yet, on the whole, he was glad to compromise for silence and his opportunities of observation.

Paul, in conversing with Miss Layton, informed her that they had a rule of choosing

chusing their evening's amusement by turns, that this evening it was his turn, that he had thought of proposing a dance, but, recollecting Lucy's dismal scene at William Lake's, and the addition of a somewhat similar story which he had since read to her, he feared she could not enjoy a dance. While they were engaged on this subject, Lucy was heard to say (in her conversation with Mrs. Ambrook), "The tale is short; but, Madam, if you
 "would not weep, do not hear it." "I
 "will weep you for a wager," answered Mrs. Ambrook: "made by your father
 "himself?" "Yes, Madam, but two
 "days old." "Ask him," says Mrs. Ambrook, "to give us it." Lucy went to her father; and, and with a curtsy and a smile (full in Campley's view) said, "A
 "favour, if you please!" "What is it,
 "Lucy?" "But a short tale," she said: "the last you made for us." "To-day," answered Eynsbury, "you have heard
 "quite enough of grief." "You are,"

says Mary, "like a very drunkard; who, "thirsty with what he has taken already, "would drink more by way of cure." "And that is the first time, Lucy," said her father, "that I have heard you compared to so vile a monster." Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook opposed the tale at present, for the same reason as Eynsbury and his wife had done it. Several of the party promoted the dance: which at last was fixed upon.

Mr. Ambrook asked the honour of Mary's hand. Miss Layton, who might think it probable that Mr. Edward Camp-ley would apply to her, prevented him. "Pray, Mr. Eynsbury," said she, "have "you ever known a lady ask a partner?" "Madam, I have." "And, Sir, was "she laughed at?" "Some smiled," said he; "but all who saw it commended, "—it was so sweetly done. It was a "young lady, much like yourself; who "asked a man somewhat aged,—about
" my

"my years." Miss Layton then made a respectful curtsy to Eynsbury, by way of asking him, and was very graciously, and gracefully too, accepted. Mr. Layton was going to ask Lucy; but restrained himself so far as to put it in Campley's power to ask her. Campley's mind was busy with great thoughts: and he had the steadiness to persevere in his character of silent observer. He was glad, therefore, to find, by the time that he and Layton had settled the point with respect to Lucy, that Mrs. Ambrook also was engaged, (namely to Paul); so that he was perfectly at liberty to abide by the character he had got into;—which, however, he had not done with premeditation. For music, they had recourse to their voices. Lucy might be said to lead the band; but, to relieve her from fatigue, most of the company contributed some share.

And thus this happy party concluded

THE END

E 3

their

their evening in a cheerfulness which (to say the least) had innocence to recommend it; but in which, we doubt not, many a more noble sentiment than that of mere cheerfulness was experienced. To include Campley merely in the *happy* party, is not to describe him rightly. For, though he was not miserable, his state of mind was not properly to be distinguished by happiness; but by a busy thoughtfulness,—a revolving of great objects, which, at present, were too indistinct, too numerous, and too important, for comprehension and decision.

CHAP. V.

THE thoughts which kept arising in his mind, inclined him more and more to impose such a restraint upon himself as might prevent any suspicion of the particular sensations which he experienced. And, though he might have joined warmly in the encomiums which Mr. and Miss Layton, after their departure from the cottage, bestowed upon its inhabitants, in conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook,—though he might have done this without raising suspicion, yet he was afraid of venturing to the utmost limit; lest, in his state of mind, he should unawares transgress the limit, or, by a mere look, or a manner of saying even the most simple things, should give occasion for his friends

to be upon the watch for his expressions and looks.

In his attempts thus to restrain himself he succeeded. Besides the advantage he possessed, by every individual having been so ardently engaged as to pay very slight attention to him in the cottage, he also had, on great occasions, a great command over himself. If any one exclaims as against an improbability, that a man in youth and under the first impressions of a most imperious passion, should retain this self-command; I recommend it to the exclaimer (if not already advanced in life) to wait some further experience of his species. And he may find, that young persons, whose general character is good, do, in many circumstances, exert a more powerful command over themselves than those of greater age: and that many persons, as well as Edward Campley, are roused by interesting situations (of what-
 ever

ever kind) to exert a self-command of which in daily occurrences they appear to be destitute.

Campley was by no means in the habit of unnecessary and general reserve. He had a frankness and a warmth of feeling which always led him to unfold his heart to his friends in the most interesting manner, where he saw neither imprudence nor impropriety: and sometimes, indeed, he overshot the mark. Yet did some persons, who have found themselves foiled in attempts to extract from him what he saw reason not to reveal, give him (unjustly) the character of reserve and coldness.

When he retired to rest, the first moment he found himself alone was a moment of peculiar relief to him. He sat down. "Is there any enchantment in the case?" said he. "Or had the scenes reality, which yet keep passing
E 5 " before

“ before my eyes ? What necessary in-
 “ gredient of felicity should I want, if in-
 “ corporated with these polished cottagers ?
 “ Their enjoyments guarded by virtue,
 “ and heightened by ease with refine-
 “ ment ! A cheerfulness even playful, un-
 “ der a calamity which would make thou-
 “ sands hang their heads and tease every
 “ ear with a round of envious complaints,
 “ or indirect boastings of humility and
 “ content ! Lucy is very young : but by
 “ that she shews herself the more openly.
 “ Lucy is very poor : but she has learnt
 “ to descend from riches. And, how
 “ sweetly she would teach it to another !
 “ Lucy is excluded from polite circles,
 “ and her fashionable improvements are
 “ at an end ; nay, she was always destitute
 “ of many points of a certain education
 “ which is, with some vulgar souls in the
 “ parade and artificial colouring of high
 “ life, an indispensable requisite. And
 “ what does this defect imply ? That
 “ she must ever want some peculiarities
 “ which

“ which serve well enough to mark the
 “ higher ranks, but which the most truly
 “ polished, even in those ranks, perceive
 “ to be variable as clime and weather, and
 “ at best hold but in secondary esteem.
 “ George Eynsbury may follow a plough,
 “ or dig in a coal mine : he never will lose
 “ that polished interior which Sir Philip
 “ Sidney has well called a gentleman’s *
 “ *mind*. And his dear Lucy is as bright
 “ as a mirror.—O, those looks ! when (as
 “ some would say) *only* a father was the
 “ object. Were any other man able to
 “ raise an equal interest in her heart, of
 “ a different nature, and then to turn
 “ away, with “It is a pity she is so poor,”
 “ I should pity his dull brain and cold
 “ heart. But no *such* man *could* raise that
 “ interest in her breast.—Poor ? She is
 “ richer than any mine in Mexico. I
 “ wish my father had seen her, or would
 “ see her. I fear I cannot, by descrip-
 “ tion, make him see her with my eyes.

* Arcadia, p. 411, edit. of 1613.

“ Otherwise I should soon put an end to
 “ his teasing me to marry, as he has done
 “ ever since I came of age.—What would
 “ he say to her being so young?—But he
 “ will never come to have occasion for
 “ that objection; he will find such abun-
 “ dance of others.—Her sixteenth year not
 “ completed!—But there is a great deal
 “ to be done, I fear, before that remains
 “ the only difficulty, though the matter
 “ rested only between herself and me. I
 “ think I have difficulties enough before
 “ me, to last till her age will cease to be
 “ one. Pretty consolation, truly!”

He was awakened from his cogitations
 by a footstep passing near his door. This
 effectually recalled him to the caution ne-
 cessary for avoiding every thing extraordi-
 nary that might appear in his conduct.
 He now made all expedition to lay him-
 self in a state of silence and darkness for
 the night. Sleep was another affair. He
 made no efforts to procure it: and it was
 in

in no haste to interrupt him. It was a little after eleven o'clock when he got to bed. After he had laid awake two or three hours, as he thought, he heard a clock strike. He heard one, two, and scarcely knew whether he needed to listen for more. However, a third stroke came. "So," says he, "it is three o'clock." As he spoke the word *clock*, a fourth stroke of the bell came. "Indeed?" said he. Five, six, and so on. "Can I have been asleep? Is it daylight? Are they gone to breakfast?" But the clock persevered, till it came to twelve. And a little reflexion and observation convinced him, that it was midnight. Was he, then, miserable?—And did *this* make the time pass so slowly? I do not believe this proves him to have been either miserable or happy; but should rather conjecture from it, that his mind had been agitated with numerous objects, important and various, which wrought him into a state of tumult approaching

proaching to fever. And fever, I believe; is a great lengthener of time; but it does not always make a man miserable.

Sleep at length closed his eye-lids. And with sleep came a dream. He thought that he was possessed of wings. He knew not where he was; but, after some time, discovered a beautiful green hill, abounding with a luxuriant variety of fantastic cavities and protuberances on its sides: and it resembled the hill at Edington which he had observed the day before, on his approach to Mr. Ambrook's. He determined to make use of his wings for reaching the summit; hoping to discover from it the village, and so to find the way to Eynsbury's house. He passed through the air with a rich delightfulness of motion, with a smooth and steady rapidity. On his reaching the hill, he found a female figure, resembling Lucy. "All alone," says he to her, "upon this high hill, and so early in the morning?"

morning?" She turned away. He followed, and asked her if she did not know him. "How should I know you?" said the figure. This shocked him extremely. She looked about, with attention. He asked her whether she was seeking any thing, which he could assist her in finding. "I live in that cloud," she answered, "with my father: but he came down, and I am seeking him around this hill. For we lived in that valley once." "I was at your house, once, in that valley," said he: "do not you recollect me?" She waved her hand, as in distrust and to bid him to retire. "Let me," said he, "fly up with you to your cloud." "The cloud will not receive you," she said. He was going to make her observe his wings, and to persuade her he could attend her, or even convey her, up to her bright home: when, suddenly, her father appeared, the cloud descended close to the hill, and quickly transported them aloft. He attempted

to

to fly after them, his wings dropped off, he fell to the ground,—and awoke.

The dispirited state of his mind, which had probably caused his dream, was so increased by it, that it was, for some time, beyond controul. But, by a continued attention to the suggestions of his reason, which shewed him evidently that he had not at present any ground for expecting that Lucy herself would reject him, if he were not rash in his application, and the whole could be brought to rest singly on her wishes, he recovered a moderate calmness. He saw his dream in its true light,—as the *effect* of his fears; not as any just cause for their continuation.

Before the night was elapsed, he had pretty nearly determined upon a plan which might render it desirable that he should be gone without exposing himself in the morning to the observation of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook. To depart without seeing them,

them, seemed at first difficult to be accomplished: till he recollected that the business of his journey actually required him to depart before it was probable he could see them, that it had been his full intention to explain this before he retired to rest, but that the scenes in which he had been engaged had effectually driven it from his thoughts. He therefore rose from his almost sleepless night at a very early hour; and, by the assistance of a servant, got to speak to Mr. Layton soon enough for his purpose. To him he explained the necessity of his immediate departure for the business of his journey; and confessed himself much ashamed for not having mentioned it the night before. This was the substance of what he could recollect to say, without either betraying too much of the state of his mind or making use of some falsehood: to neither of which he could submit. The hesitation and confusion he was conscious of, he left to be attributed to a sense of his negligence in not saying overnight

overnight to Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook what he was now saying to Mr. Layton: and, afraid of making that worse which was already bad enough, he confined himself to few words, and got away as expeditiously as he could.

At breakfast, Mr. Layton informed the party that Mr. Edward Campley was gone; and made at least as good an excuse for him as he had done for himself:—the same in substance, but more calmly delivered. Campley had not attracted much notice with this party: and that which he *had* attracted was chiefly for his silence. Yet, when they heard he was gone, they regretted the loss of him. Very little of his character had appeared: which, besides the attention of those around him having been drawn off, was owing partly to a degree of modesty which often kept him a little in the shade at first acquaintance, partly to the busy state in which his mind became engaged, together with an idea gradually

gradually rising which made him purposely withdraw from observation as much as he could. Perhaps the true description of him, taken singly from what had been seen of him at Edington, was, an insipid and harmless man. By which character, thin and unsubstantial as it may sound, let it be observed that more praise is to be acquired than many a person may have been at all aware of, before that great teacher, Experience, had taught the lesson. Only take care not to knock down a wine-glass as you are reaching over it to a decanter, not to spill a cup of tea or coffee, either upon a lady's knee or your own, not to tread upon a cinder, not to set your foot upon any person's toes or kick his shins under the table, not to call any one by a wrong name, not to interrupt any one who is speaking, (nor, if possible, one who is going to speak,) never rudely, and not often in any way, to contradict a person present, nor to defame one absent, to talk neither too much, nor so loud that a man
 8 shrinks

shrinks and retires from you to the edge of his chair, nor so low that he leans forward, knits the muscles of his face, and turns one ear towards you, not to dress too richly for your station, nor indeed too meanly, not to do various other things of which he who enters fully into the above may discover abundance for himself,—— only observe these negatives and insipidities, and, though you should not all day utter a word which would be worth repeating at night, you will be an agreeable man to nine persons in ten, perhaps to ninety-nine in a hundred, and your society will in some degree be sought after. Of this nature was the character which Campley was just beginning to acquire, with Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook: but even this he had not absolutely attained; so slightly had he been noticed.

Mr. Layton, who knew more of him, regretted the loss of him somewhat more strongly. However, the scenes of the day preceding

preceding were uppermost in the thoughts of all the four who were assembled at breakfast: and, accordingly, the conversation ran chiefly upon those scenes. "You told me, Mr. Ambrook," says Layton, "I should be gratified with an evening visit to the cottage. I was indeed:—highly so." "I am glad," answered Mr. Ambrook, "that so singular a visit succeeded so well." "We shall have my brother falling in love," says Miss Layton, "with Lucy." "I dreamt of her, assuredly," answered her brother. "I wish," said Mr. Ambrook, "the nation was stored with wives such as Lucy is likely to make." "However," observed Mrs. Ambrook, "there are serious objections to marriages between persons in situations so very widely differing as those of Mr. Layton and Lucy." "Undoubtedly," replied he; "but, I imagine, we need not be in haste to discuss those objections, with a view to
" Mr.

" Mr. Layton." " Any discussion, of such
 " importance," said Layton, " which I
 " could hear from Mr. and Mrs. Am-
 " brook, I should esteem as fortunate ;
 " whether I had immediate occasion for it
 " in practice or not." " After what has
 " been said," replied Mr. Ambrook, " we
 " could not talk with that ease and impar-
 " tiality as upon a mere general subject
 " of conversation, and to talk it over as
 " with a direct view to the parties men-
 " tioned would be premature." " As my
 " brother," said Miss Layton, " has al-
 " ready got to dreaming about the girl,
 " we may suppose him engaged sufficiently
 " to make a conversation upon this sub-
 " ject both interesting and useful." " To
 " draw conclusions," he returned, " from
 " any thing so capricious, incoherent, and
 " generally indistinct, as a dream, is uncer-
 " tain and fallacious :—I mean, with re-
 " spect to things past, and which may have
 " caused the dream. As to drawing con-
 " clusions,

"clussions, from dreams, respecting futurity, I need not caution you against it, I am persuaded."

"Lucy is a charming girl, indeed;" said Layton. From which, perhaps, some readers will conclude that he was in love with her; and others will conclude the reverse. It is not, certainly, the language I should look for, from a very young man, violently in love, and in love for the first time. But no one of these three things belonged to Mr. Layton's case. He had reached the age of twenty-six years, his passion for Lucy was not violent (though his admiration of her character was very high,) and he had already suffered severely from an affair of love. Instead of being all feeling and no expression (none that is voluntary), as some young men are in the earliest days of their love, he was led to speak to the utmost, before such friends, all that he felt both of esteem and affection for Lucy. They were
more

more likely to receive pleasure than pain from seeing him enjoy society, and especially from observing in him a degree of that tenderness which went more directly to remove any remains of his ancient passion:—a passion from which he had suffered much, and which they were so anxious to see thoroughly eradicated, as to become the less quick-sighted in objections to be made to any new connexion that he might be thought likely to form.

“ If,” said Layton, “ I had such a fortune that I could be exempted from attending to that consideration in making my choice, and if—” “ Brother,” interrupted Miss Layton, “ *if* is not in the dictionary of love.” “ Not of romantic love,” he answered. “ Then,” said Mrs. Ambrook, “ you would have two dictionaries for love.” “ If love,” said Mr. Ambrook, “ is to have two dictionaries to itself, what are we to think of a book which is a dictionary of all
“ arts

"arts and sciences?" "That it is," answered Mr. Layton, "a very great undertaking, certainly. But, pray, Sir, is love either an art or a science?" "There is," answered Mr. Ambrook, "both science and art in the *management* of our love, as well as of other passions. But, when love goes in good earnest to humble the philosophising spirit of man, the first thing it attempts is to put all idea of science and art out of his thoughts."

At this Layton gave a shake of the head nearly involuntary, but as if recollecting what he himself had once felt. Mr. Ambrook perceived the motion of his head, and suspected the cause. And, fearing that the harm he might do by keeping the subject up might be greater than the good to arise from what he had to say upon it, he dropped it intirely.

CHAP. VI.

Mr. Edward Campley, having finished all that was strictly necessary in his journey, and omitted a great deal which was *called* necessary when he set out, made all possible haste to reach his father's house in Devonshire. He took an early opportunity of speaking to his father. "Since I came of age," said he, "you have often mentioned to me the subject of marriage." "Yes," answered the father, "I am desirous to have all my children do well: and, if the younger children chuse to marry as they come to a proper age, and can meet with persons against whom there can be no objection, I shall be very happy in it, you may be certain. But you, who, as the

CHAP. VI. 7 "eldest

“ eldest son, are to preserve to your de-
 “ scendants that credit and reputable rank
 “ in life which you receive as a most va-
 “ luable gift from your ancestors,—for
 “ you, Edward, I am peculiarly solicitous.
 “ I am impatient to see you withdrawn
 “ from every hazard of the roving disposi-
 “ tion of youth, and settled in life with a
 “ woman whose family and condition may,
 “ with the nicest propriety, suit your sta-
 “ tion in life and your expectations, and
 “ who, in her mode of living, may join to a
 “ decent degree of splendor an œconomy
 “ which may preserve from decay or di-
 “ minution the ancient and respectable
 “ property of the Campleys. If to all
 “ this she can add what boys will some-
 “ times fancy to be the essentials, I have
 “ no objection. If, in the woman I
 “ have described, you can find beauty,
 “ and accomplishments, and graces, and
 “ —I begin to forget the names of those
 “ things, though, when I was a boy, I
 “ knew all that kind of language per-
 F 2 “fectly

“fectly enough,—I say, it will be all very
“well.”

Mr. Campley did himself a degree of injustice by some parts of this speech. For, in truth, he had possessed, and, in a measure, still retained, a moderate though, not the most refined sense of various qualities for which he affected some contempt. But he was in the situation of a man who has set himself so strongly to aim at one, particular point, that he overlooks and tramples down every thing which lies in the way to it. Whether this point is a philosophical hypothesis, or a bag of money, or a post of honour, the effects upon the person thus aiming at it are similar. Could he have insured from all detriment and diminution, as one insures a building from fire, the credit and property of his family, he would have entered in some degree into the feelings of his son; who, with the warmth of a virtuous and sensible heart, refined by a sagacious and well-informed

formed head, was seeking, in the other sex, for a counterpart of that which, notwithstanding a very humble opinion of himself, he felt himself to be. But the father had no insurance office to resort to, for the purposes mentioned: nor could the son bring himself to make those the principal objects which to the father appeared such; much less could he admit a thought of making a false pretence to his father that he would do so. This honesty and openness of the son discovered to the father the difficulties which lay in the way of attaining *his* point. In order to secure which, he put aside violently all those sentiments of tenderness towards his son which would have led him to think of such a woman as might have formed the amiable and affectionate wife, saw and heard nothing (when *this* business was in agitation) but family and property, and became what he was not, either by nature or by any cause besides what has been mentioned, — he became, in this single

F 3. business,

business, a cruel father. The son certainly wished, both on his father's account and his own, to find what *he* thought the grand requisites, in a woman possessing what his father thought to be so. As to the question, whether as a son he should think it his duty to abstain from marrying any particular woman to whom by affection and esteem he might become strongly attached, if his father should strictly forbid it; this was a question he most vehemently wished that he might never have occasion to determine.

At present there was no occasion to bring himself into that difficulty. For, struck as he was with Lucy, and much as he knew of her character from the best authority, he did not wholly forget her age and the shortness of the time for which it had been in his power to make his own observations upon her. And, even through the mist of passion, he could discern a rashness in coming to any immediate

mediate determination respecting her, which would lay him under engagement. His resolutions extended merely to take the most likely steps for making such further acquaintance with her character, or personal acquaintance with herself, as might lead to a final determination.

“Father,” says he, “I assure you that
 “I am in good earnest on the subject of
 “marriage, to which you have so frequently drawn my attention. And this
 “is not only true in the general expression;
 “but I have something particular in view
 “at present. Should it come to nothing;
 “I am persuaded you will not insist upon
 “my making known to you what, in such
 “case, seems best sunk in my own
 “breast.” “O,” said the father, “I do
 “not trouble myself about the little secrets of love affairs. When it comes
 “to be matter of business, you will, no
 “doubt, apply to me.” Edward thanked his father, and proceeded. “I have

“ a request to make, Sir, which will re-
 “ quire that you place in me a degree of
 “ confidence.” “ Why, Edward, you are
 “ honest: I imagine I might safely trust a
 “ purse of money in your hands.” “ My
 “ present project, Sir, requires no capital
 “ sum of money.” “ Well; to the point,
 “ Edward. What is your project?” “ It
 “ is,” answered Edward, “ permission to
 “ absent myself for a few weeks (or, if oc-
 “ casion, for a month or two, or even
 “ more, without requiring that I should
 “ give any account of my absence.”
 “ You talk whimsically,” said the father:
 “ I suppose, you are going abroad.” “ One
 “ principal part of my request,” replied
 Edward, “ is that you should not insist
 “ on knowing whither I am going.” “ I
 “ think,” returned Mr. Campley, “ I
 “ need not be so cautious as to require a
 “ promise that you will not marry with-
 “ out my consent in this strange absence
 “ of yours. What would be the conse-
 “ quence, with me, of your marrying an
 “ improper

“improper person in that manner, I pre-
 “sume I have no occasion to inform you.
 “Let me just advise you, not to take a
 “rash step on the mere presumption of
 “its being overlooked for no other rea-
 “son than that it is already taken and
 “cannot be recalled.”

Edward felt too strongly the equity of
 this last caution, to rebel against it even
 in his mind. He gave his father an ab-
 solute promise that he would not, during
 this absence, either marry or enter into
 any engagement for that purpose. “But,”
 said Mr Campley, “are we not to know,
 “all this time, whether you are dead or
 “alive?” “Sir, I imagine,” answered
 he, “there will be no great difficulty in
 “conveying intelligence to you and even
 “receiving it from you, if you have no
 “scruple of giving me positive assurance
 “that you will take no advantage of this,
 “for tracing my motions or discovering
 “my place of abode.” To this com-

promise the father submitted. For he had become weary of soliciting his son to take some steps towards a marriage; and was very little short of despair on this head. And, as Edward had given him the security of a full promise, against the concluding of any improper connexion during the projected absence, he was glad to catch at any chance of bringing about a proper one; although he was far from thoroughly relishing the secrecy of Edward's plan.

After some further conversation the business was settled. Edward obtained permission to absent himself on the terms proposed; and a mode of communication was arranged.

CHAP. VII.

NEXT morning Edward departed, with a servant and two horses. They went to an inn at the distance of about fifteen miles. Leaving here his servant and horses, he walked to a small distance, and was taken up by a stage-coach, which conveyed him about a couple of miles. He then quitted the coach at an inn, from which he sent a messenger with a note to a person living about a mile off,—according to the reckoning of miles (especially single ones) in some very retired places. One way of computing these miles, has been said to be this. You stand upon one hill and look to the next, and guess by the eye what the distance is in a straight line; neglecting the bending of perhaps

a very deep valley which intervenes, and furtively lengthens out the road at pleasure, under the plain straight line along which you look. At the distance of one of these miles, and in profound retirement, lived one John Silsden; a native of the village where stood the family seat of the Campleys. His father had been highly and deservedly esteemed by the Campley family: and John, in addition to the advantages of good parents, had received many helps from Mr. Campley, and many a half-hour's instruction in arithmetic and some few other things from Mr. Edward (although several years younger), who had also frequently been his play-fellow. Friendship, in boys, has but little to do with rank. And Campley's friendship for John Silsden was far from being obliterated; and at least equally far from being forgotten by John. He had continued in his native village till within very few years of the present period: and, while he remained in it, Mr. Edward often took opportunities

portunities of passing a little time with him; which was so well managed as to afford improvement as well as pleasure to both parties.

Campley's note to John desired him to come to the inn, in a common working dress, to bring with him, if he could, another dress of the same kind, to mention it to no person, and to observe all the privacy in his power. John did all this with great alacrity and expedition. Campley took care to detach himself from the inn by discharging the small debt he had incurred; and held himself in readiness to depart unobserved, and as soon after John's first appearance as circumstances might permit and require. He moved off gently to a small distance from the inn, and after some time observed John advancing.

"How do you do, John?" says he:
 "but let us have as few words as possible.
 "Do you recollect any place where I
 "could

" could put on the dress you have brought,
 " and depart afterwards with less observa-
 " tion than from the inn?" John saw an
 earnestness in Campley's manner, which
 checked him effectually from giving way
 to what he would naturally have felt and
 said on seeing Mr. Edward after a pretty
 long absence. Nor did he presume upon
 the intimacy to which Campley had ad-
 mitted him, so far as to ask any questions
 about the business in hand: a method by
 which your best friend, or one who ac-
 counts himself such, will sometimes defeat
 in a few moments a plan which had taken
 the thought of some hours or days to con-
 trive. He presently recollected a hovel
 not far from the road leading to his own
 house, and told Mr. Edward it was about
 a quarter of a mile from the spot where
 they now were. "Lead on," says Camp-
 ley; "I will follow you." John did so.
 Campley kept him within sight: and,
 when he saw him enter the hovel, follow-
 ed him in.

As

As soon as they were entered, "John," says he, "are you not very much perplex-
 "ed with me? Do you think me out
 "of my senses?" "I don't know, Sir," said John: "I did not go to perplex my-
 "self with making out all you might be
 "thinking of. And, I hope, that is a
 "likely way to keep my *own* senses, how-
 "ever." Campley smiled: and, taking him by the hand, "John," said he, "if
 "I forgot to ask you how you do, you
 "must excuse it." "You did ask me,
 "Sir; but, if you'll let me speak the
 "truth, I believe you forgot to wait for
 "an answer." "But," replied Campley,
 "if you'll answer me now, I think I can
 "be pleased to hear that both yourself and
 "Margaret, and your young family, are
 "all well and stout." "My wife," he
 answered, "has been but poorly; but
 "now she do seem pure. And the young
 "ones do thrive well." "And, for
 "yourself," said Campley, "you have
 "nothing to say." "I never ail any
 "thing

"thing myself, thank God," replied John. "Best of all," said Campley: "but we must proceed to business." "Tell me what I am to do," was all the reply John made.

"I want," said Campley, "to have a dress like yours, and to stay a while at your house. As for particulars, any I can tell you may as well be told at once to you and my old friend Margaret together, as be told twice over. Only I will just say that it is with my father's permission I am absent from home, and he has consented not to know where I am." "That is quite enough for us,"

John answered: "and we can find you a little snug clean bed, if you have made up your mind to be content with such things as people have in our way of life." "I will try for that," answered Campley; and asked whether he could have a few words in private with him and his wife. John said that would be easy enough,

enough, unless somebody had very unexpectedly called at his house. Campley then put on the dress which John had brought, and made up his own into two parcels; of which each carried one. When they approached the cottage, Campley staid a little behind till John had prepared the way for him. On receiving a summons, he made his entrance, and met with a reception which went to his heart; for he perceived that it proceeded from the heart of his hostess. She had entered early into the service of Mr. Campley (the father), and had continued at his house to the time of her marriage.

"How do you like me, Margaret," says Campley, "in my new accoutrements?" "To say the truth on't," she answered, "they rather disfigure you; but there is the old face plain to be seen, so like what it used to be at Beechwood hall in old times." "But," replied Campley, "you will make that face a little
" less

"less like itself, when you take your
 "scissars to these locks and make them
 "hang a little more like nature and your
 "husband's." "Sure, Sir, you do not
 "think of me to cut your fine hair!"
 "Who cuts your husband's, pray?" said
 Campley. "Why, to be sure," she an-
 swered, "he lets me, for cheapness." "I
 "would let nobody else," said John, "if
 "they would do it free gratis."

"But," says Campley, "let me tell
 "you a little of what I am about. You
 "will not betray an old friend, who means
 "no harm to any body. I want to
 "learn to do the work of a labourer in
 "the farming business. And I could not
 "think of any better way to manage it,
 "than by asking you to let me live
 "awhile with you, and getting John to
 "teach me. You stare at me: but I
 "cannot at present explain all my rea-
 "sons for what I do. It is not amiss,
 "you see, especially in hard times, (and
 "times

“ times have always been hard, since I
 “ can remember,—or called so,) for any
 “ man to learn some method of earning a
 “ livelihood, against times are worse.”

“ I hope,” said Margaret, “ you are only
 “ jesting.” “ I shall be glad,” said

Campley, “ to be able some time to tell

“ you all my mind: and I have hopes

“ that I may. But, for the present, if

“ you can do what I have asked, I think

“ I can contrive to pay you for my main-

“ tenance.” “ Well,” answered John,

“ we’ll do our best. There’s something

“ very odd in it, too, Mr. Edward: but

“ there’s nothing that’s wrong, neither:—

“ else you would not do it.” “ Thank you,

“ John,” replied Campley, “ for your

“ good opinion of me, as well as for your

“ readiness to assist me. You may call

“ me Edward: but you must be careful

“ that no one hear you talk to me in any

“ way which may lead to a discovery of

“ me. Can you find me employment,

“ and make me pass amongst your neigh-

“ bours

"bours as nothing very much out of the
 "common way?" "For employment,"
 answered John, "you could not have
 "come at a better time; and, for neigh-
 "bours, we have none. And, if we
 "meet with any body, they talk here-
 "abouts so like the labouring folks about
 "Beechwood hall, and like as you used
 "to talk sometimes as well as the best of
 "them, that I think you will pass very
 "well; especially if you learn your trade
 "pretty fast." "I feel a good will to it,
 "and I expect to find a good master to
 "teach me: and those two things will go
 "a great way." "I am sure, Sir," said
 John, "I owe you a great deal for what
 "you used to teach me; which has been
 "very useful since. I shall never be out
 "of your debt that way: but what I can
 "do, I'll do heartily, and trust for some
 "good to come of it, whatever it be."

"I am now, then, Margaret," said
 Campley, "with your good leave, part
 "of

"of your family." "So much the
 "better," said she, "if it is no harm to
 "yourself. But there will be great won-
 "dering, at Beechwood hall, what is be-
 "come of you." "I must be obliged,"
 replied Campley, "to let them wonder
 "awhile. But I will either return, or
 "clear it up as soon as I can: and the
 "sooner the better. And now let me see
 "your two children, which you sent out
 "to play. The youngest has been very
 "civil to us, by staying quietly in his
 "cradle while we had this short conver-
 "sation uninterrupted." Margaret called
 in the two oldest, Timothy about five
 years old, and Kitty between three and
 four. As soon as they saw the stranger,
 they contracted their open, eager, playful
 faces, and gently edged towards their pa-
 rents, keeping their eyes fixed on Camp-
 ley. He looked pretty often at them,
 and with an encouraging aspect, and now
 and then a smile; but abstained carefully
 from all violent application for acquaint-
 ance

ance with them. For some time he did not either speak to them or approach them: but kept up a cheerful and constant or frequent attention to them: till some little opening happened for beginning a sort of distant play with the girl. For, of the two, she appeared the less afraid of him.

In five minutes more, during which, time there were several short cessations, Kitty and the stranger were evidently acquaintance, if not friends. And when the next five minutes were gone, Tim began to shew signs of impatience at not being in the party. Campley knew how to draw him on by the proper mixture of neglect and attention. In half an hour from the first sight, they both viewed him with more of hope than fear: and in an hour they were three good friends. Whereas, if he had seized them into his arms the first moment, and loaded them with caresses and the violence of a certain style
of

of language intended as endearment, he would probably have created enmity or aversion instead of friendship and love; and a reconciliation might have taken far more time, than the temperate method which he adopted, from the first, to acquire affection and confidence.

It is difficult to say whether he or they gained more by the connexion formed between them. For they soon shewed that they preferred play with him to any of their ordinary play with each other: and he was relieved more effectually than by any other amusement, likely to come in his way, from the weight of difficulties which pressed upon his imagination.

Next morning John, laying aside useless and inconvenient ceremonies, took out his man Edward, and began, by precept and example, to instruct him in the employments of a labourer in the fields:

at

at the same time setting him to practise before his master's eyes the lessons he had received. Campley was pretty stout; and had not habitually given way to indolence or blameable relaxation: yet he found himself considerably fatigued by his exertions. As they were returning from their labour, Tim said with great joy, "Mother, here's Edward coming again." Then ran out to meet him, and walked back to the house with hold of his hand. Soon after he was seated, Kitty came with confidence to him as to an old friend, held out her arms, and said "Take me." He took her upon his knee; and felt, for the first time, the pleasure of domestic happiness succeeding a day's labour.

Thus he spent his time, with a gradual diminution of his fatigue, a perpetual satisfaction in the treatment he received from John and Margaret, a daily novelty in the gambols and fancies of the children,
 16
 together

together with his own inventions in playing with them, and a daily progress in the acquisition of those talents which were to be subservient to the principal object of his wishes. His dress and his way of life became habitual and easy; he learnt a tolerable imitation of the manners of those he lived with; and, as the scissars of Margaret had effectually converted the cavalier into a good roundhead, he had now completed a pretty fair disguise, and felt himself qualified to depart in quest of adventures.

He requested John and Margaret to suspend their curiosity till he should be able to give them further intelligence about himself, which he should be eager to do as soon as propriety would allow it. Then, leaving his former apparel to their care, he took an affectionate leave of them and their children, and departed with a regret which would have been *less*

if the scenes he quitted had less resembled the idea of that domestic felicity which he was in search of, and would have been greater if his mind had not been strongly occupied by the attempt which he had projected.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

A COTTAGE in the sequestered village of Edington contained an object, which, though it could not properly be said to have fixed his affections without reserve or doubt, had roused a most determined attention, and inspired a firm resolution to undergo the greatest difficulties rather than remain uncertain as to that object, whether it did not comprehend the utmost he could look for in mortal happiness, and then whether it was not attainable. To Edington, therefore, the poor labourer Edward now directed his steps: with intention of seeking some employment for his newly-acquired talents, and thereby procuring an abode in the neighbourhood of Lucy Eynsbury.

As he came near the village, he observed a horse before him, which seemed to have lost his rider. Looking more accurately, he perceived a man hanging by one of the stirrups. The horse had got off the road, and was feeding. Campley was very much afraid lest, by going up to the horse, he should set him in motion, and be the cause of making the accident worse than it already was. He took the utmost pains to approach the horse in a gentle and gradual manner, so as to familiarise him a little to his figure. He hoped he was just upon the point of accomplishing his purpose. But, a horse upon the road coming by at great speed, Campley was particularly apprehensive lest that should put in motion the horse he was aiming to seize. And, under this apprehension, he caught at the bridle sooner than otherwise he would have done. The horse, being spirited, made a sudden effort, and Campley missed his aim. The violence of the effort broke
 what

what held the foot of the person in distress, and so released him. But the horse, in avoiding the spring of Campley, had turned sharply and struck him upon the leg.

A good staff which he carried in his hand, was now of great use to support him. He moved, with some difficulty, to the person who lay upon the ground; and was not long in discovering that it was no other than Mr. Ambrook. He lay senseless and motionless: but Campley did not hastily despair of his life. He looked carefully around, but could see no assistance. The horse which had passed along the road, carried only a boy: who had not observed the distress, and was now out of sight. Campley exerted his voice, to bring any person who might be within hearing; but it brought nobody. His anxiety to relieve distress, especially Mr. Ambrook's, lessened his own sense of pain, and led him to attempt what might

have seemed impracticable in a mere mechanical operation, where the finer feelings were not concerned.

It was his left leg which was hurt. He supported himself, therefore, by his staff in his left hand; and, having raised Mr. Ambrook so as to have his own right hand and arm about his breast and back, he found himself able to support the principal part of his weight, and to convey him along slowly with his feet dragging upon the ground. He began, however, to feel his own situation so sensibly, that he thought he must soon be obliged to give up the attempt of carrying such a weight. But, presently, Mr. Ambrook shewed signs of recovery. Campley placed him on the ground, then raised him into a sitting posture, and fanned him with his hat. Mr. Ambrook soon recovered so far, as to be able to examine his own limbs and the different parts of his body, and to attend distinctly to his sensations. He was
bruised

bruised in several places, but no where violently. He recollected falling from his horse, but nothing afterwards: and he perceived that he was now not far removed from the spot where he had fallen.

“And were you,”—says he to Camp-
ley, taking him for what his dress de-
noted—“were you carrying me, alone?”
“I was doing, Sir,” he answered, “as
“well as I could for my lameness; partly
“bearing your weight, and partly drag-
“ging it. But, now, I think you would
“be able to hold yourself upon my back,
“if we could but manage to get you
“placed upon it. Do not you think so,
“Sir?” “If I am to be carried,” re-
plied Mr. Ambrook, “let us see whe-
“ther a sound man cannot be found, to
“carry me.” Campley told him of his
vain endeavours to procure assistance.
Mr. Ambrook said that presently, per-
haps, they should have better success.

“ In the mean time,” he added, “ as I
 “ feel my recollection pretty well restored,
 “ I should be glad to be informed of the
 “ situation in which you found me, and
 “ what you know of the accident.”

Campley related the facts simply. When Mr. Ambrook learnt that Campley had just received his lameness, and in a service of humanity, and a service rendered to himself, he became anxious to know the nature of the wound: struck immediately with the magnitude of the disaster to a labouring man, if the lameness should remain any considerable time, and particularly desirous to administer every relief in his power, as he had been (though innocently) the cause of the misfortune. Under the impression of these thoughts, he did that for himself which otherwise he might have waited till others had done for him. That is, he raised himself from the ground.

“ I wish,

“I wish,” says he, “my helper may now be able to walk as well as myself. Then, I think, we could proceed; though somewhat slowly. If I had a good staff to support me, indeed, I could do rather better.” “If you can like, Sir,” said Campley, “to place your right hand upon my left, I think we can make the same staff support us both, with some management.” They tried this method; and might possibly have pursued it till they reached Mr. Ambrook’s house. But the horse had gone home; and his appearance without his rider had presently sent out the servants in search of their master.

As two of them approached him, they could not solve the appearance which he and Campley made, leaning upon one walking-stick placed between them: and when they observed, on a nearer approach, some blood upon Mr. Ambrook’s face, they were struck with various conjectures;

which, however, they did not venture to propose. "Go back," says he to one of them; "tell your mistress I have received no hurt of consequence, but this stranger is unhappily lamed in rendering me service. Bring the carriage immediately." The servant was expeditious in executing the commission. And Mr. Ambrook, placing Campley at his side in the carriage, went home.

Mrs. Ambrook's fears respecting her husband were relieved by the message which the servant delivered: but, till she had seen himself and had some conversation with him about the accident and the state in which he now felt himself, those fears did not sufficiently subside for her to pay minute attention to the stranger who had suffered by his humane exertions. However, Mr. Ambrook, on entering the house, had given orders for an apartment, suitable to the apparent rank of the stranger, to be got ready, and that the servants should be particularly

particularly attentive to his wants. Nor did either he or Mrs. Ambrook think it sufficient to give such orders; but afterwards, from time to time, examined with some care whether the orders had been fulfilled.

A surgeon was sent for. After examining Mr. Ambrook's bruises, and asking such questions as he thought necessary, he very honourably declared that he hoped Mr. Ambrook would have no occasion for his assistance or advice, further than to make a little use of an external application which he should prescribe. With regard to Campley, the surgeon said that he believed the wound would require his attendance for a short time; but that, as the stranger appeared to be young and in a good habit of body, he had no reason to doubt of a speedy and effectual cure.

During Edward's recovery (for *Edward* now was his current name) both Mr. and

Mrs. Ambrook had several short conversations with him: but he escaped without their recognizing him. His dress was a very strong disguise; particularly if in dress we may include the form in which he now wore his hair. He had also been very quick in adopting the manners of that class into which he had migrated; and he was very studious, on this occasion, to preserve those newly adopted manners. Add to all this, that Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook had before become but slightly acquainted with his person and former manners, and that his character had opened but little upon them. Early in the visit which he had paid at their house to Mr. and Miss Layton (who were now gone,) his attention had been strongly called to Lucy and her family: and, before the evening was far advanced, he began to see indistinctly the possibility of undertaking some attempt such as that he was now engaged in; which idea made him purposely contract himself,

himself; as much as possible, from observation.

When he found the use of his limb returning, he was unwilling to be longer troublesome to Mr. Ambrook and his family: but he had a stronger reason for wishing to obtain some employment. He told Mr. Ambrook that he wished to be employed as a labourer in the fields, and had been in search of work at the very time of the accident. Mr. Ambrook put some questions to him, respecting the kind of work he could undertake, and the places of his former habitation. To these questions Edward was able to give, with veracity, general answers. Minuteness he avoided; but satisfied Mr. Ambrook pretty well. "I hope," said Mr. Ambrook, "work may be found for you, when you are fit for it: but I must not turn you out of my house a cripple." "But, Sir, if I turn myself out?" "Do not be imprudent," replied Mr. Ambrook, "I beg

"I beg of you. But, if you had rather
 "be doing some trifling work, which you
 "may break off whenever you find incon-
 "venience to your limb, I would endea-
 "vour to find you such; either about my
 "own house, or with some one who might
 "be as willing as myself to let you give
 "your limb every advantage for reco-
 "very."

Not that Mr. Ambrook would have
 talked so coolly of putting Edward, in his
 present situation, under the influence of
 any indifferent employer who might *pro-*
mise such lenity and attention. But, in
 truth, he had already in his eye a man on
 whom he had a perfect reliance. It was
 even George Eynsbury. Recollecting to
 have heard him speak lately of wanting a
 labourer, and thinking he could no way
 better express his gratitude to Edward
 than by placing him with a man he so
 highly esteemed, he immediately decided
 upon mentioning him to Eynsbury: to
 whom

whom also he hoped he should be doing a service, by offering him Edward, whose character thus far had highly pleased him.

Could Edward have read these thoughts passing in Mr. Ambrook's mind, his impatience to be gone would have redoubled. But, as Mr. Ambrook mentioned no person in particular, Edward yielded to his request that he would stay at least a few days longer. "And," says Mr. Ambrook, "if some employment is pleasanter than none at all, something may be found about *this* house, on which you may employ yourself just as long as you find perfectly easy to your limb;—but, hark you, not a moment longer, let me advise you. And, after you have quitted me, if you should ever be at a loss for work, come to me and I will do my best. At present I hope to find for you more suitable service with another person, than such as this house could supply."

"supply." Edward asked whether the employment he had thought of for him was in the same village. On hearing that it was, he felt more joy than he chose to express.

Eynsbury and his family had been much interested (as may easily be understood) in the accident which had befallen their great benefactor. And they naturally felt an interest in the man who had suffered by giving personal assistance to that benefactor, more than if he had suffered equally by some indifferent accident. It was, therefore, acceptable to them, to find that they could have a connexion with the same man, when Mr. Ambrook proposed him to Eynsbury as a labourer. On the strength of Mr. Ambrook's last benefaction to that worthy family, they had begun to rent a little more land; and this caused more work than Eynsbury, with his most diligent Paul, could manage without.

without further assistance. And, independently of the peculiar circumstances which introduced Edward to Mr. Ambrook, this family had a satisfaction in merely receiving a labourer at his recommendation.

CHAP. IX.

MR. AMBROOK never enjoyed society more than when in company with Eynsbury and his family. Their conversation was not less cheerful than that of more prosperous persons, not less sensible than that of many persons educated at far greater expense, nor (in essentials) less polished than that of many who, making rank the standard of excellence, or considering it as implying polished manners, would have looked down upon them with contempt.

They were at his house the day that he had determined not to delay introducing Edward to George Eynsbury; having already mentioned him. In the two to be introduced

introduced to each other, every one in the company felt an interest: with whom, therefore, Mr. Ambrook made so free, as to bring Edward into the room where they were assembled. The first person whose eyes met those of Edward, was Lucy. Her fearless and simple youth suffered her eyes to express without restraint the interest she took in Mr. Ambrook's preserver, who had suffered in a cause which her humane and grateful heart acknowledged as highly meritorious. Edward was disconcerted: and, feeling himself ushered into a scene not well suited to his present habiliments and apparent (or, indeed, we may call it his real) station, he drew back suddenly; as if Mr. Ambrook had made some mistake, or had not intended he should follow him into the circle of company. And, the moment he felt a confusion in his mind, which might appear in his face, he began to be apprehensive of betraying himself: which, as he could not foresee the consequence of it, he was

studious

studious to avoid. But Mr. Ambrook, accounting for the appearance of timidity upon more general principles, bade him come forward: upon which he exerted himself to recover a coolness of behaviour.

“You know, Edward,” said Mr. Ambrook, “the business for which I bring you in hither: so does Mr. Eynsbury—
 “George Eynsbury he insists upon my
 “calling him. What tempts me to call
 “him otherwise, you will perhaps understand ere long, if you remain with him;
 “which I wish you to do. I wish my
 “preserver to behave in such a manner
 “that he may remain with such a master.”
 “I must do my endeavour,” said Edward; feeling a great deal more than he said, and colouring highly from the prospect opening before him, and from the eyes of the whole party being directed to him. Mr. Ambrook, perceiving this excessive timidity, as he judged it to be, made haste

to

to relieve Edward by telling him all that seemed immediately necessary, (and which he meant that Eynsbury should have done), and then dismissing him. Edward, being informed that a lodging could be procured for him at a neighbouring cottage, and that he might have his meals at Eynsbury's for a short time, till something further could be fixed, departed with a heart as full of joy as the anxiety arising from the magnitude and difficulties of his undertaking would permit.

When he had retired, the company communicated to each other their having observed his confusion. "It is somewhat singular," said Mr. Ambrook. "I did not," said Eynsbury, "feel myself at the bottom of it. I concluded there was something which I did not perceive." "It could not be you, Mrs. Ambrook," said Paul, "because, Ma'am, he had seen you so often: and, for the rest, he needed not be so much
"afraid

"afraid of people like himself." "Not quite like himself," said Lucy: and, whatever the mere words may suggest, yet, if you had seen and heard her utter them, you would have received no suggestion of pride or contempt. She added, with real pity, not the affectation of it, "Poor man! He is much worse off than we are." "He is a good-looking fellow," said Paul, "and well made. And, if his leg does not fail him, we shall get some good out of him," "I think."

"I fancy," said Mary Eynsbury, "I have seen a face like his somewhere." "That is not to be wondered at," answered her husband; "I seldom see a stranger, but that, after being a while with him, especially in any interesting conversation, I discover at least *one* likeness for him, perhaps two or three to different parts of his face, person, or manner." Presently it appeared that every

every one in the company could trace in him a likeness, greater or less, to some particular person. But, as there is perhaps no point on which people differ more in opinion, than this resemblance of one person to another, no three of the six who were assembled could be brought to fix upon the same person, for the resemblance to Edward. "In my conversations with him," said Mr. Ambrook, "I have amused myself sometimes with discovering particular looks, and particular parts of his manner, which brought to my mind a gentleman whose face and person I know but imperfectly, and his manner and character less,—whom you have all seen. The effect was odd enough, while I traced alternately so strong resemblance, to send my imagination wandering, and then so strong differences, to bring it back again. I mean one Mr. Campley, who visited Mr. Layton at my house, and attended us to yours." "I did not

“not perceive any likeness,” said Paul,
 “while Edward was here,—they are such
 “different men altogether; and yet I can
 “fancy now they may be a little alike.”

Mrs. Ambrook’s eyesight was not very good: and the rest had seen so little of Mr. Edward Campley, and observed him so little in that interesting evening in the cottage, when Campley had been little more than a cypher, that the matter of resemblance passed off in the same indecisive manner as frequently may be observed.

Next day Mr. Ambrook parted with Edward; making him a present which, to a man who had known no other station, would have amply compensated what he had done and suffered, yet thanking him as warmly as if he had made him no compensation at all. Edward accepted the thanks with great pleasure. The money also he accepted, though not with equal satisfaction to himself: but he feared
 creating

creating suspicion by refusal; nor was he wholly free from a prospect of having occasion for it, if he should persist in his pursuit of Lucy. Mrs. Ambrook added her warm acknowledgements. And the servants took an affectionate leave of Edward; having been much pleased with his humble deportment, and the grateful manner in which he had received every service they had rendered him during his stay amongst them.

Eynsbury set him to work. And he applied himself to it with a diligence arising from a motive which no one suspected. At dinner he was admitted to the table with Eynsbury and his family; who, from their strong sense of social enjoyment, had preserved (as far as was practicable without expense) the same form and regularity of domestic comfort in their meals, as when they had been in plentiful circumstances and a higher rank. It would have been no small sacrifice, to have admitted a per-

fect stranger into their family society, with a prospect of his continuing long amongst them: but Edward was to enjoy that privilege only for a short time; and, moreover, he was not considered in the light of a mere stranger, but came with the advantage of pretty strong prepossessions in his favour.

At this first meal, the victuals did not find a free passage down Edward's throat: which, however, did not imply that he was deeply in love. For any great attention and engagement of the mind seem to produce that effect. In love he was; but not yet so deeply as *some* knights errant are said to have been. His love was yet curable: and the discovery of certain qualities in Lucy would work a cure. The cure, indeed, might be painful and somewhat tedious: but so it is sometimes in the recovery from various disorders, where yet not much uncertainty can be alleged. He had now obtained a situation which he had so eagerly sought; that is, a situation
 7 permitting

permitting him to observe minutely the object which had roused his attention, and, on good evidence, to decide whether that object was finally and fully to be pursued.

With these impressions upon him, vic-
tuals were insipid,—dinner was an unnecessary business, except as collecting the family, and, in particular, bringing Lucy under his observation. And, if you think him not cool enough for observation, if you think him so far gone in passion that what Lucy did would ever appear excellent, allow him at least some merit for his endeavours. He endeavoured to detain his passion where it was, till reason should say, “Go on,” or, “Desist.” He did not pride himself in being blind and deaf, in turning reason out of doors, and accusing her of impertinence for interfering in a case of love. Was he on this account likely to love the less warmly in the end, if Lucy should prove what he wished her? I think not.

“ Edward,” says Paul, “ if you do not
 “ eat more heartily, I shall be afraid for
 “ you. Ours is a hungry trade.” Ed-
 ward was confused. Eynsbury saw it.
 “ Paul,” says he, “ do you want to pre-
 “ vent our new guest from making a good
 “ dinner?” “ No,” he answered, “ I
 “ want to make him dine better than I see
 “ he does.” “ And, do not you know,”
 replied the father, “ that nothing so much
 “ hinders a man from eating, as telling
 “ him that he does not eat?” Then he
 turned the conversation to some other
 subject.

Edward looked at Lucy by stealth on-
 ly. And his eyes were even checked in
 observing her, by her innocent openness in
 looking freely and with interest upon him,
 — the preserver of Mr. Ambrook. “ Ed-
 “ ward,” said Mary, “ you did a great
 “ service to this country by saving Mr.
 “ Ambrook: and I hope you have now
 “ gone

" gone through all the harm arising to
 " yourself." " If I stay in this country,"
 he answered, " I shall perhaps share in the
 " good he does, either one way or ano-
 " ther. But I don't know that I saved
 " him: the horse might not have hurt
 " him." " You will tell us," returned
 Mary, " all the particulars, some time."
 To this he readily assented. " I shall like
 " vastly," said Lucy, " to hear you relate
 " them all." Edward's heart gave a
 beat. But, beginning to dread exposing
 himself by repeated external marks of con-
 fusion, he made an exertion to return im-
 mediately some indifferent answer, and so
 escaped. " And Mr. Ambrook," he add-
 ed, " has made me such a present as
 " overpays me far for what I did. And,
 " then, he and Mrs. Ambrook looked so
 " carefully after me while I was there—
 " just as if I had been somebody they had
 " loved." " Perhaps," said Mary, " they
 " do love you, by this time." " And,
 H 3 " then,"

“ then,” continued Edward, “ if you had
 “ but seen him when I came away ! How
 “ he kept thanking me ! I could not find
 “ room to thank *him*, though, without
 “ doubt, I was then the debtor. And
 “ how thoughtful he was about my leg !
 “ He hoped—” Nothing so much as ge-
 nerosity draws a tear from the generous :
 especially, if age has made to flow less
 freely the tears for mere distress. If per-
 sonal gratitude comes in addition, the
 stream will gush on occasions apparently
 slight. Eynsbury was moved. Lucy
 caught his eye, and her own presently
 filled. Edward, who had taken advantage
 of speaking, to look more fully at Lucy,
 saw the effect upon her eyes and counte-
 nance ; and lost the command of his or-
 gans of speech. He tried to resume it,
 but they were unmanageable. A short ge-
 neral silence ensued. But Eynsbury, soon
 recovering himself from this unexpected
 stroke, renewed the conversation on indif-
 ferent

ferent subjects. And the time came, for the men to return to their occupations out of doors.

In the evening the family had some fear left, if they should amuse themselves with a book, or with any species of amusement or employment uncommon with people of their present station, Edward should not be able to relish it, and should either be unhappy himself, or disturb their enjoyment, or both. And Edward feared lest, by entering too readily into things supposed to be above his education, he should betray himself or raise suspicions. But these difficulties were in a great measure avoided, by both parties being aware of them and attentive to them. Besides, the family had already perceived Edward to be more humanized, and somewhat more enlightened, than the generality of persons in his assumed station. The evening, therefore, passed off smoothly, and to the satisfaction of every person concerned.

Next day Edward's appetite began to amend. Paul had seen him work diligently, and now saw him eat a better dinner than the day before. In a few days more he became quite satisfied on these two points.

C H A P. X.

No very convenient house was found, at which Edward could have his victuals: and the Eynsbury family were so well reconciled to his society, that they were not in haste to discover another house for him, though by no means giving up the search. But there is great difference between searching for a thing of which you are in pressing want, and only making inquiry when opportunities stare you in the face. A month had now elapsed; and Edward had seen Lucy in various points of view. He had observed her behaviour to a father, a mother, a brother; to himself as a labourer, as a sort of inmate in the house, as the preserver of their beloved benefactor. He had also had some opportunities

of seeing how she conducted herself towards Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook; likewise towards their poor neighbours, especially the unfortunate and grateful William Lake and his family. He had attended to the various qualities she discovered in so much of the management of the house as was intrusted to her. He had seen a good deal of her mental powers; especially in her open, shrewd, and candid remarks, made on passages in books which were sometimes read in the evening: and had been frequently the most observant, when, from his station, he was supposed not fully to enter into what was read or spoken.

Adding to this the very authentic and satisfactory information which he had received when visiting Mr. and Miss Layton at Mr. Ambrook's, he thought he had got sufficient grounds for pursuing Lucy as an object to constitute the chief happiness of his life.

The most doubtful point

point was the danger of a change, on account of her being yet so young. But she was now in her seventeenth year, her good qualities appeared to be of a nature the least liable to change for the worse, and he flattered himself (like as others have done) that, if he married her early, he should stand the best chance of preserving the goodness of her character from being impaired.

As to endeavouring to raise in her a mutual affection for him, he had studiously avoided it (or fancied he had) till he should take another previous step. This was, to talk further to his father on the subject; in order to see what prospect he should be able to offer to Lucy. He reflected that, if his father should oppose her so violently as to deprive him intirely of all share in the property of the family, and thereby leave him to his newly acquired talents for providing a bare subsistence, he should then be considerably below Lucy

even in her present situation ; and at a much greater distance from the level on which she had stood, and to which (or a higher) he thought her well intitled. In which case he hoped he should have firmness sufficient either to abstain wholly from further pursuit of her, or to wait (many years, if necessary) for the chance of any favourable and unforeseen events which the mutability of human affairs might produce.

Nor was he clear that she had not already begun, in some small degree, to look upon him in a light more favourable than even as the preserver of Mr. Ambrook, or as a person who grew in the esteem of her father, mother, and brother. Being, therefore, decided in his opinion of her, and uncertain what bad consequence might follow, if he should intangle her affections without knowing whether he should be inabled to offer to her the smallest property, he thought it high time

time to have a second conference with his father on the subject.

For this purpose, he told Eynsbury that some business called him to his friends in Devonshire; but that he hoped to finish it in a stay of one or two days amongst them, and that he would perform the journey as quick as he could. Eynsbury answered, that the shorter the absence was the better, as there was a good deal of work in hand which would not bear much delay: but that, as he spoke of serious business with his friends, he could not refuse his consent, and must trust to him for making the absence as short as possible. He then paid Edward his wages:—a thing which was intirely out of Edward's thoughts; but he received the wages, and took care not to betray his own forgetfulness on that head.

He went first to his good friend and
teacher

teacher John Silsden; who, with Margaret, was rejoiced to see him again. The absence had appeared long to them. They had thought more of him, in the time, than he of them. Nor had the little ones forgotten him. But he was obliged to quit them after a very short visit: which indeed he would have avoided wholly at present, as he could not yet make any communications, had it not been necessary to lay aside his new dress and resume his old one which he had left in the keeping of John and Margaret, and could no where take possession of again so conveniently as at their house. He could not restore his head precisely to the appearance it had when he left home: but, in a town through which he passed, he got his hair dressed, and a false appendage in lieu of the natural one which he had before intreated Margaret's scissars to deprive him of. These operations removed the labourer's head; though they did

did not absolutely replace Mr. Edward Campley's.

On his arrival at Beechwood hall, he did not delay talking to his father upon the subject which perpetually occupied his thoughts. He related the situation and characters of Lucy and her family. He mentioned the evidence of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook in their favour; particularly their polished manners; to which, if there was any material exception, it was in Paul, who had a homeliness and sometimes even a bluntness about him, which however appeared rather assumed, as qualities suitable to their present condition: but that Lucy might well grace a situation higher than the highest she had filled. He related the steps he had taken, to bring her character and behaviour under his own immediate observation: and added, he was perfectly convinced that she was capable of constituting the chief happiness of his life. It was become, therefore,

therefore, his most ardent wish, that his father, who had been an indulgent father to him through his youth, should not now oppose the warmest hopes of his heart. He said that he did not immediately solicit an establishment, if his father thought a delay more prudent on account of Lucy's youth or any other account. He was perfectly willing to return to his life of labour, and even to leave the continuance of it indefinite; if he might but have his father's concurrence in the principal point, namely of pursuing Lucy as the grand object of his wishes.

Had the story of Eynsbury and his family been told to Mr. Campley, independently of any reference to Lucy as an object to his son, he would have listened to it with patience, perhaps with pleasure, certainly with compassion and approbation. But the avenues to all these feelings were closed, by the tendency of the story to a conclusion from which he was
very

very averse. "I wonder," said he, "that
 "Mr. Ambrook should indiscreetly talk
 "of a girl without a penny, so as to give
 "young men an idea that she is qualified
 "to marry a gentleman. And why
 "should he not marry her into his own
 "family, rather than try to obtrude her
 "upon mine? There is Mr. Layton, you
 "know."

This struck Edward with an idea very
 different from any intended by his father.
 The danger of such a rival as Mr. Lay-
 ton had not occurred to him. However,
 the idea dwelt but a while upon his
 mind: it gradually wore away, by Lay-
 ton's long absence from Edington. In
 what he now said, he did not notice it:
 but only answered, that he had not ob-
 served any thing like a wish in Mr. Am-
 brook to obtrude her upon any individual,
 and particularly not upon himself; that
 he appeared to speak of her and her
 family

family merely from the pleasure he received in doing so, and from a wish to render justice to the characters of worthy persons in distress, (if distress it could be termed, when they were so cheerful under it); but that, if he were to think at all of procuring her a husband, it would be more as a favour to the man, whoever he might be, than to Lucy.

“ All this is very well,” answered Mr. Campley, “ for you to say, who have
 “ suffered yourself so imprudently to fall
 “ in love, as it is called. But you do
 “ not expect that *I* shall so far fall in love
 “ with your—Lucy, I think you name
 “ her,—as to consent that she shall here-
 “ after be the mistress of this mansion,
 “ and the mother of him who must in-
 “ herit the Campley estate.” “ Is there,”
 said Edward, “ no indulgence that you
 “ can grant to a passion sanctioned by rea-
 “ son and observation?” “ Yes, indeed;
 “ your

“ your amorous swains are pretty reasoners and observers;” answered the father: “ but your views are honourable, I understand;—if the word *honourable* can be applied to so degrading a marriage.”

Edward was shocked: dishonourable views having never occurred to him; and a marriage with Lucy appearing the reverse of degradation. “ But, explain yourself,” said Mr. Campley. “ Indulgence?” “ Are there no conditions?” replied Edward: “ is there no length of time which will remove your objections, no evidence which you will admit, of her merit, of her qualifications, or, at least, the highest capability of becoming qualified, to appear as the wife of a gentleman of fortune and family?” “ How is it possible,” replied Mr. Campley, “ unless you can procure family and fortune for her, in order to make an equality

"equality or some approaches to it?"

"Sir," says Edward, "she is to me more
 "than all which family and fortune can
 "bestow." "Then, take her and beg;"
 answered the father. "If the forfeiture
 "of my expectations," returned Edward,
 "did not reduce me too low to offer my-
 "self to her, I should not hesitate to re-
 "sign them rather than lose her."

"Well," says Mr. Campley, thinking
 to alarm his son more effectually by a
 proposal which evidenced calm thought
 and a probability of adhering to it in prac-
 tice, than by angry general threats of dis-
 inheriting him and seeing him no more,
 (threats which have been so often made
 and so often departed from,)—"Well,"
 says he, "I give you your choice. Act
 "prudently, marry suitably, remain my
 "son, and be (when I am gone) the head
 "of your family; or otherwise take your
 "Letty, or Luey, or whatever she is, be-
 "come

“ come a petty farmer, give up your in-
 “ heritance, and expect no more of the
 “ family property than will keep you at a
 “ tolerable distance from hunger and rags.
 “ I do not forbid you my house, if you
 “ come alone.”

What joyful news to the ears of Edward was this intended threat ! The whole business had been so deeply scrutinized by him, before he went to Edington, while he was there, and since he came away, that he was perfectly familiar with the probable consequences of both sides of the alternative. “ I thank you, Sir,” he answered immediately : “ this is to the purpose, “ this is decisive. I accept your offer, I “ am no longer your heir, you have sealed “ my happiness, and I trust I shall always “ visit these walls with satisfaction.” Mr. Campley was confounded; but was too much a man of his word, to attempt evasion or prevarication. Edward then told him

him that he should return immediately to Edington: and it was agreed that, for the present, his brothers and sisters should be no farther informed than when Edward departed the former time.

CHAP. XI.

EDWARD hastened to Silsden's, and resumed his labouring dress. Then, with all expedition, he travelled into Wiltshire, and found his master glad to receive him at Edington. He augmented, if possible, his diligence; he had good health, good spirits, good hopes, with increased and increasing strength, and, on the whole, enjoyed happiness above what may be esteemed the ordinary share of mortals. He knew his father to be a man of at least that degree of probity and honour, that he would certainly substantiate the promise he had made of placing him above a state of absolute poverty. With this prospect he was not ashamed to admit the affections of Lucy to fix upon him, if he should be so fortunate

tunate as to obtain them: for, with this prospect, he hoped to offer her a fair match in point of property; and he esteemed her too highly, and her father likewise, to think that either of them would insist upon more. More indeed was what they might naturally wish for, recollecting their former condition: and more he had been anxious to offer. But both sides had so much moderation in their wishes, and so just an estimation of the comparative values of the different goods of life, as not to reject one of the first rate because another, of an inferior rate, was not annexed to it.

This being a settled point in the mind of Edward, he indulged in that enjoyment of the society of Lucy and her family, to which he durst not give way before his last conference with his father. He necessarily absented himself from her, great part of every day: yet he spent as great a part in her society as perhaps the human

human mind can sustain without flagging, when so much upon the stretch of enjoyment.

But human happiness often impairs itself. He evidently perceived, after some time, that Lucy's open, but simple and innocent, confidence towards him, was diminished. Her increase of age accounted for it in part: but he flattered himself that another cause was an increased interest which she took in him, and of such a species as naturally put her upon her guard against too great freedom. This delicious hope taught him to bear the loss of many a sweet smile, many a playful or friendly look, on occasions like those on which he had before met them.

He also now permitted stronger marks to appear, of his acquirements having been above his present station. He came gradually to join on an equal footing in all the more refined amusements, by which

the humble cottage of Eynsbury might put many superb mansions to the blush. And, when Mr. Ambrook came to learn this, and heard in every respect a character of Edward corresponding to his own conception of him, except this higher character for intelligence and refinement, he scrupled not to desire his master to bring him in those visits which Eynsbury and his family were admitted and solicited to pay at Mr. Ambrook's. Edward, it will easily be understood, did not discredit himself in his new appearance at Mr. Ambrook's, on a footing somewhat different from that on which he had formerly appeared. However he studiously kept up a degree of his more rustic manners; lest it should become impossible to take him for such a person as he wished to represent.

In these parties, Edward was particularly struck with the behaviour of Mr. Ambrook to his wife's children (for he had
none

none of his own) and the great delight which they manifested on his mixing with them in their plays. Edward had heard something of this from the servants, when he was confined at Mr. Ambrook's: but, when he came to witness the reality, he found it carried to a greater height, and of a more distinguished and peculiar kind, than he had imagined, though himself attentive to children. Mr. Ambrook did not solicit the affection of any children, much less of those to whom he was become a father, by giving them a sugar-plum, by telling them they were charming boys or girls, or telling their parents so in their hearing, nor by asking the favour of Master or Miss to *permit* him to throw a ball or toss a shuttlecock. Nor, with regard to his acquired sons and daughters, did he content himself with caressing them or romping with them five minutes, or seeing them a single half-hour in a day, and then totally forgetting them. Besides the attention he gave to their serious oc-

cupations, he frequently entered fully into their play; and introduced such regulations into their old amusements, and invented such new ones, that the children were always desirous of having him amongst them. When engaged with them, he was treated as he wished to be; that is, as a play-fellow. Yet he was able to check sometimes a petulant or illiberal spirit in an individual, without damping the general mirth, nay with approbation visible in the rest, and so as to preserve the harmony which else was likely to be interrupted. And, as play seriously engages the minds of children, and exercises their passions freely, he had abundant opportunities of practically teaching the habits of justice, fairness, moderation, fortitude, generosity, forbearance, mildness, and humanity: some of which he could especially inculcate in cases where brute animals are concerned,—whose interests never found a stronger advocate than Mr. Ambrook.

This

This companion of children neither did nor could, by any means, plead a sense of duty as his only motive for giving his time and thought to their society. Nay, he was well aware that, in many instances, duty had not immediately any share at all in it. He would often, for mere pleasure, steal away from a grave party of his equals to the society of gay and glowing childhood; and, with glee, deliver his not unmanly powers to the stream of puerile playfulness. He had now very few pleasures, and indeed not many pains, which could properly be called his own; but, through the medium of sympathy, could easily be made to enjoy, or to suffer, all the day long. And he knew no source of sympathetic pleasures, which was nearly so much to be depended upon as that of participating and promoting the joys of those young beings, whose sense of pleasure is so easily called forth.

Moreover, to *him*, the simplicity and

openness of many children were qualities, the loss of which no acquirements of mature age could, in a mere view of pleasure, compensate. He confessed that this simplicity and openness, as age advances, are necessarily checked in our intercourse with the generality of mankind. "But," said he one day, "I *did* know a person——" "but he is gone. In quitting childhood and youth, he quitted only their imperfections; and to their good qualities he superadded those of manhood." Mr. Ambrook gave a deep sigh: then proceeded. "I imagined—but I was unexperienced—I fondly imagined that every person (of good character) who got an insight into *his* worth, would feel himself unavoidably led to imitate so much of it as was easily imitable. Nor did any thing appear easier of imitation than the most enchanting part of his character.—" "But, hold! Let that suffice! I am not a constituted censor of this world.—Flo—" "ra, come hither."

His

His little step-daughter, five years old, who had watched with ignorant and painful suspense a countenance which she scarcely knew to be her father's, so unaccustomed she was to the expression it emitted during that short time, now saw some return of what was to her his real face, ran to him, and was presently seated upon his knee. He had not a word to say: but hid his face in her neck, till he began to fear she might perceive an emotion of which she could not in the least conjecture or comprehend the cause. A brisk exertion rescued him from his difficulty. He dashed away a single drop of water from an eyelid, and said, "Flora, what o'clock is it?" She was not perfect in the art of telling the hour by the clock; but had received some lessons, and was eager in practising them. She jumped from his knee, light as an airy form of the imagination, ran to the clock, and brought word that it was a quarter past twelve. Mr. Ambrook, in his momentary confusion, had made use of the

I 4 question

question as the first that occurred, to relieve him; led to it, perhaps, by having lately often taught her the language of the clock. But, being now collected, he knew there must be a mistake. So he took her back to the clock, and shewed her that, in her haste, she had mistaken the short finger of the clock for the long one, and the long one for the short one. It was exactly three o'clock.

To prevent any return of gloomy reflexion, he made a party into the garden, with Flora and an elder brother and a younger brother. In Flora there was a peculiar lightness of motion and brilliancy of countenance. To see her, when elevated with play, tripping about the green, and winding among the paths of the shrubbery, would assist a poet in summoning-up to his conception the imaginary beings which he would exhibit as gay and sprightly, beautiful and innocently wanton. She and her brothers gathered such flowers as
they

they knew to be permitted: and the chief use they had for them was to put them in Mr. Ambrook's hat, the button-holes of his coat, and wherever they could find a place for them; till, in a short time, his ornaments would have qualified him for a public exhibition. In the midst of this zealous delight, the dinner-bell rang. The children experienced none of that interval of misery, which arises from a contention between half-established authority and half-dutiful subjects. Though interrupted in their career, they took their pleasant fancies along with them into the house, and left behind them all that minds less disciplined would have lingered over to their own torment. This was habit. Contention was out of the question on such occasions.

Flora and her elder brother took their seats at table; and became what an ordinary observer might have called different creatures. But it was only another part of the same system of habit and regularity:

They did what it had been found most convenient that they *should* do at meals; that is, they attended peaceably to their own dinners, and gave answers to any thing said to them. Mr. Ambrook said, "Flora, I will *trouble* you to give me a potatoe." Flora did not see that her papa meant to laugh at the idea of *trouble*. "I *like* it," said she, laying a great stress upon the word *like*, and looking briskly up in his face. The look, the words, and the utterance, together, shewed plainly she thought her father in an error; and, at the same time, produced such a conviction of her real pleasure in giving a potatoe, as might not have been conveyed by a much longer and better-rounded period from a finished lady or gentleman.

Little touches like this, were always interesting to Mr. Ambrook: for he was interested in reading the undisguised human heart. And it was to him one principal recommendation of Lucy Eynsbury, that, while

while she was, for her years, peculiarly advanced in the acquirements of mature age, she also retained an uncommon degree of whatever is distinguishingly amiable in still younger years.

CHAP. XII.

MR. AMBROOK was a man of the warmest and most extensive benevolence. In words he did not display this character so much as you may have heard some persons: but, whenever he could shew it by his actions, he seized the opportunity with avidity. He discovered indeed a weakness;—and, in saying *weakness*, I by no means intend to pay indirectly a compliment;—he was weak enough to be hurt sometimes, without sufficient reason, in perceiving that he possessed not the confidence of persons whom, with the aid of such confidence, he could have substantially relieved or made happy. A very common instance of this, was in such children as, before they knew him, were afraid of him.

him. The cases were often such that, when he reasoned, he could not blame the children: yet his reason was not able intirely to remove the pain he felt, in being an object of fear at the time that his heart was overflowing with streams of the tenderest benevolence. Some of his poor neighbours had the imprudence to make him an object of terror to their children, under a notion of terrifying them into their duty. If a child was obstinate or noisy, the language was, "Here is Mr. Ambrook,"—"Squire Ambrook shall have you." How ineffectual this was to the purpose intended, requires not much proof; especially as the assertion of his approach was frequently false,—being made by some whether he appeared or not.

But the effect was visible enough, in making Mr. Ambrook to be what he particularly abhorred; that is, a terrific being to those whom he approached. If you had walked with him in the village, you might

might have observed him in great pain, on putting to flight by his appearance a party of young beings, sporting together, whom he would have accosted with a smile and at least one cheerful address, if he had not staid to talk to individuals. However, this effect was far from being universal. Of some the parents had been wise enough to avoid it: others he had, himself, gained over to confidence, by encouraging looks and words, with the help of perseverance.

A singular object once fell in his way; whom he was particularly desirous to solace and relieve. And though the state of her mind was a complete apology for her dreading him or taking a prejudice against him, he was in some degree mortified in finding that he could not reconcile her to his appearance. Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook were walking one summer's evening, and had rambled into a delicious recess amongst the hilly grounds near Edington; where, at the distance of half a mile from their
house,

house, they seemed to be lost to the world. Not even shepherd or flock appeared. They wandered by the side of a rivulet which bounded a small grove standing upon ground rising gradually from the water. This was on their right. On the left was an opening into a rich and spacious amphitheatre of verdure: where solitude usually reigned, but which was suitable for the reception of an immense multitude, to behold any spectacle adapted to the magnitude of the place. The setting sun painted with its richest hues those elegant and sportive incurvations of surface, which, with the velvet softness of their cloathing, form the distinguishing beauties of that region: and of which the effects, if the spectator attends to the varieties produced by the innumerable positions of himself and of the sun, are inexhaustible. Add to this a serene sky, the music of birds in the grove, the odour of flowers on the banks of the rivulet, and, above all, the presence of a companion beloved and esteemed;

ed; and you will not be surpris'd that Mr. Ambrook, and a companion by *him* esteemed and beloved, were gradually worked up to a strong sensation, compounded of a pleasurable tenderness and a warm, though diffused and undistinguishing, benevolence towards the whole human race.

They turned to the left; and, by quitting the grove and the rivulet, completed that silence which, though merely negative, seizes so powerfully on the mind. This was precisely the moment for the kind of thing to happen, which now actually happened to them. Before they arrived fully at the spacious cavity which we have resembled to an amphitheatre, they heard the voice of a female singing. The air of the music went slow and sad, but sweet withal. They discovered a kind of peasant woman, in appearance; so seated that she did not perceive them. And, as the turf enabled them to approach unheard,

unheard, they soon distinguished the old air of *Despairing beside a clear stream*. On a nearer approach they perceived the words to be such as seemed to arise from her present feelings. She imagined (as afterwards appeared) that she saw three children; who were running from her, and gradually went out of sight into a wood.

The language and metre were somewhat irregular. But possibly not the less pathetic. Mr. Ambrook afterwards endeavoured to recollect the only stanza which he heard throughout: but, unable to recollect literally her broken words, he retained as much of them as he could, while he guided himself by the well-known air, to preserve his metre suitable to it. He wrote as follows.

Ah, whither, babes? Why will you fly?

Turn, turn, at a mother's fond call.

Whither wander, boys, whither? 'Tis I.

Thou sweet girl, do not rob me of all.

She

She made a sudden stop; and appeared as viewing steadily some object going out of sight. Then sung again.

Gone ! Vanish'd ! And there they will die :
There a prey to the fierce wolves they fall.
Ah, whither, babes ? Why will you fly ?
Turn, turn, at a mother's fond call.

"Never," said Mrs. Ambrook, "never
"did any thing go so to my heart."

The Woman. But, see, Billy is returning.—Francis, too.—Yes, and Jane after them.

Mr. Ambrook. What does she mean ?

The Woman. My dear little ones ! In yonder dark wood there are wolves with long teeth ; and they devour lambs. Stay with your mother. Stay here. Stay.

Mrs. Ambrook. I think, she must have lost her senses.

Mr.

Mr. Ambrook. Let us see.

The Woman. [Rising.] What now?—
Stop, stop them.—Vanished again?—Lost?
My poor heart-strings!—[She sings again.]
“Ah, whither, babes?”—[Perceives Mr.
and Mrs. Ambrook, and speaks sharply.]
Who’s there? [Runs to Mr. Ambrook,
and says] Is it you that have got my
lambs from me?

Mr. Ambrook. What lambs, I pray? I
think I saw none.

Mrs. Ambrook. My good woman, are
you well? You seem not to be as you
should be.

The Woman. Should be? Where is
any thing as it should be? Let me tell
you, Madam, you are not that, yourself.—
But [making a curtsy] I hope no offence,
Madam.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ambrook. It is but too true.
[Then, with a smile of consolation] But
I am your friend. Yes, I am. Tell me,
what—

The Woman.—You, my friend! That
is wonderful. Take care of yourself: for
I have not another in the world.—[Then,
advancing to Mrs. Ambrook, and tapping
her arm,] But, thanks, thanks! A thou-
sand thanks!—[She turns away, looks
around, as seeking her children: then
sings] “ Ah, whither, babes? Why will
“ you fly?”

Mr. Ambrook. It pierces through me.

Mrs. Ambrook. Tell me, then: tell
me, as a friend; What is it that over-
whelms you thus with grief?

The Woman. Me? What grief? Do not
you hear me *sing*? [Turns away, and
sings] “ Turn, turn, at a mother’s fond
“ call.”

"call."—But they give no ear.—My poor heart!

Mrs. Ambrook. Open that poor heart to me. Open it to your friend. What distresses it?

The Woman. You saw them, did you not, before they were driven away.—My lambs! The most charming—! [Looks around for them.]

Mr. Ambrook. [To Mrs. Ambrook.] Her lambs! Her children!—How is it?

The Woman. [To Mrs. Ambrook.] Did you know my Jane?

Mrs. Ambrook. I? No.

The Woman. She was so lovely, that she could not be suffered to live. There is—have you heard nobody speak of him?
There

There is a great Giant, who takes a delight in killing every thing he sees, that is beautiful.—I have heard say, that my dear Jane has been hid under ground;—and both her brothers too.—But, did not I see them,—all three? Did I not?—
 [She appears to see something.] And there, again, they are.—Again they fly. Again! [Sings] “Whither wander, boys, “whither?—’Tis I. Thou sweet girl, “do not rob me of all.”

Mr. Ambrook. Now I understand but too well. The raging disorder which at present makes havoc in a neighbouring village, must have carried off her three children: and the weight of the misfortune has disturbed her brain.

The Woman. [To Mrs. Ambrook.] Hark you.—Don't let him hear us.—I am going to ask the great Giant to put this heavy dragging body of mine into a grave.

grave. Then shall I be an airy spirit. I shall follow my lambs every where; high and low; over land and over sea. How charming will that be!

Mrs. Ambrook. Yes, charming. Come along with me, my dear friend. Come, see some young lambs, beautiful as your own.

The Woman. There are none such:—none in the world, I say.

Mrs. Ambrook. Come, come. You shall see something very beautiful. Let us go, all three.

Mr. Ambrook. [To the Woman.] Will not you have an arm?—Lean upon this.

The Woman. Stay where you are, Sir. You are not to go with us.—[Then to Mrs. Ambrook.] Hark, my friend.
Trust

Trust not to him. He will rob you of all your little flock.

Mr. Ambrook. Poor woman! How gladly would I restore yours to you!

The Woman. A naughty robber! He mocks me. Let us fly from him. But we will make him restore them. Let us fly for assistance.

Mrs. Ambrook humoured the woman's fancy; only taking care to guide their steps towards her own house. Mr. Ambrook followed at a small distance: unable to drive off the painful sensation of disappointment, which arose from failing to gain the poor woman's confidence, and from being moreover suspected by her of having been her great enemy and plunderer. But this did not prevent him from attending to her in the most watchful manner, and reflecting closely upon the most probable means of affording her some relief.

relief. Mrs. Ambrook found no difficulty in retaining and conducting the woman : who adhered closely ; shewing a sudden love of her, as well as a fear and dislike of Mr. Ambrook.

As they were going to enter the house, they found Flora, with her two brothers, playing on a grass-plot before the door. She was moving about in her light and gay manner. " That's one of the airy " spirits, from the sky ;" says the woman : " where did you see my Jane, lovely " spirit ?" Flora made no answer. " Take " me to my Jane ;" added the woman, advancing towards Flora. The child was somewhat alarmed. " Do not you know " my Jane ?" Flora answered, " No," with a voice rather timid ; though she was not apt to be frightened. But, just then seeing her papa coming, she ran towards him ; partly from a habit of doing so, and partly to avoid the woman. Who, seeing her aim, " O, my angel," says she, " do

“ not come near him. He is in league
 “ with the great giant: and I do not know
 “ what they have done with my lambs.”
 But Flora was with her papa, almost as
 soon as the woman had finished these
 words.

Mr. Ambrook, perceiving something
 of the woman's apprehensions, took one
 of Flora's hands and walked composedly
 towards the woman; hoping that Flora's
 evident confidence in him might raise a
 degree of the same in the woman herself.
 But she fell into an attitude of terror;
 with an uncertain motion, as if in doubt
 whether to attempt to rescue Flora or to
 retreat for her own safety. At this juncture
 her friends made their appearance;
 who had been some time in search of her,
 and had just learnt that such a person was
 seen to approach this house with Mrs.
 Ambrook. It was with some difficulty
 they got her to quit her new favourite:
 who,

who, howsoever touched with her distresses, and desirous to relieve them, was glad to resign her to those who were more accustomed to her.

C H A P. XIII.

If the reader has forgot William Lake, he was fortunate enough to be remembered by friends who could be of more service to him. And we will now go back to the state he was in, on the day our story opened. He is the poor man who solicited earnestly that the money owing to him by Eynsbury might be intirely sunk and thought no more of, after the dreadful fire which levelled Eynsbury with the lowest of his neighbours. This solicitation finding no possible access to the ears of Eynsbury, William (it may be recollected) determined, after some time, upon attempting to restore an useful animal, of which Eynsbury had made him a present. And, in the way to Eynsbury's for
this

this purpose, fractured a limb. This, together with the circumstance of William's numerous family of small children, roused the warmest attention in Eynsbury and his family: who, by the beneficence of Mr. Ambrook and their own superior industry and sagacity, with the most determined frugality, were already rising considerably above the state to which they had been reduced.

In particular, Lucy's mother had put her upon being of some use in William's house, during the worst of his confinement. Lucy was, here, in her proper element. To the nicest feeling for the sufferings of her father's most grateful friend, bedridden, restless with fever, sometimes in actual pain from the limb, and severely wearied and harassed by the necessarily continued posture,—to her lively sympathy with every part of this distress, she added a degree of her father's ingenuity in contrivances to relieve it, and the ingenuities

of a frugal cookery which she had practised under her mother's eye. And, her powers being elevated with a degree of importance in the situation, she exerted them with the happiest effect for the sick person; and for such a family necessarily thrown into confusion by the sickness of its master. In return, she received the intense pleasure experienced by young minds of good dispositions, when they feel themselves successful in the exercise of benevolence.

She had also, from her occasional attendance at William Lake's, another source of pleasure. She sometimes met with Mr. Ambrook there: who could not content himself without paying now and then a personal attendance at the house; to examine whether the relief, for which he had given directions, came fully to the wants of the persons in distress, and to bestow such advice as he thought would probably be attended to. The approbation which,
on

on these occasions, he gave, directly and indirectly, to Lucy's conduct, was encouraging but not intoxicating. It gave her delight, but did not diminish her attention.

And, in his absence, she learnt confirmations of that character for beneficence which she had heard often attributed to him by her father; whose ideas on that head concurred strongly with Mr. Ambrook's. Some singular acts of kindness, done by him to William at this time, could not be concealed, without inconvenience, from a person attending the house so much as Lucy did: but the extent of them she was requested not to make public in the village. "I was one of those ignorant people," said Sarah (William Lake's wife) to Lucy, "who used to fancy that Mr. Ambrook was not so very charitable and kind to the poor: because I used to hear folks complain, that he gave less to them than to such or

" such a person. As if a gentleman, or
 " any man, was to be called to account
 " by them for his gifts ! But, that is not
 " all. I have found, one time after ano-
 " ther, that he gives most where there is
 " most want ; if people are well behaved,
 " and can turn his gifts to any account.
 " But he will encourage nobody in idle-
 " ness and extravagance. And is not
 " that right ? But idle and extravagant
 " folks make the most noise, if they get
 " less than other folks. But he does not
 " mind them. And, is not that right ?
 " There was Susan Vickers. Because she
 " was a widow with a young family, he
 " allowed her so much a week, constant.
 " But she began to come to church in fine
 " ribbands, and dress her eldest girl so too.
 " He told her he had no money to
 " spare for those who could afford to dress
 " in that manner. But she was so silly
 " as to keep on. So he has just now
 " taken away her allowance : and says he
 " would have the reason to be known ;
 " that

"that nobody may blame him for encour-
 "aging extravagance. But then, O,
 "what he does give, when he thinks it
 "well bestowed! Our great needs have
 "opened his purse, as I little thought to
 "have seen it opened for us. But he sees
 "to our spending of it. And that is a
 "double kindness, to many a one. But,
 "then, you know what part you are not
 "to speak of. For he says, there are
 "some that would come and almost
 "threaten him, if he did not do as much
 "for them." Lucy could scarcely pre-
 serve the calmness of her countenance:—
 so strongly did his large and secret bene-
 faction to her own family strike her re-
 collection. "I could tell *you*," said she
 to herself, "a great deal more than I am
 "permitted." And she departed, al-
 most as grateful as William Lake, and
 almost as benevolent as Mr. Ambrook.

As William recovered, the necessity of
 Lucy's assistance became less: and her

time was so valuable at home, that she gradually withdrew that assistance. By the time that Edward first came to Eynsbury's, she had ceased to spend much time at William's; but took her turn with the rest of her family, to call in the way of inquiry, and in order to see what particular service it was in their power to render to so distressed a family. But even this communication of the families was sufficient, to give occasion to such discourse as necessarily discovered the behaviour of Lucy in the affair of William Lake. When things of this sort were occasionally said during their humble repasts, Edward would either sit still and forget to eat, or he would eat with double velocity. In either case, the food which he was intent upon devouring was that which entered at his ears. Every information which inables a man of virtue to esteem the woman whom he has begun to love, is music that thrills through his heart. What was said on these occasions, was

was not such as to offend the delicacy of Lucy: but it brought up a gentle animation into her countenance, which was not lost upon Edward.

After he had been some months returned from his last visit to his father, he so coalesced with the family, that, out of the hours of work, it was not uncommon for him to attend any member of it, who was walking to a distance, for business, health, or pleasure. By this he broke the uniformity of the parties within doors; and, by so doing, obtained much greater variety in the conversations, became more intimately acquainted with the character of each individual, and, without one impertinent question, obtained much information tending more or less to the principal objects he had in view. Nor were these walks and conversations at all unnatural to the polished minds of the Eynsbury family: and, if they sometimes felt a surprise at the manners, the language,

guage, and the thoughts, of the labourer Edward, the effect was much less by having come on imperceptibly; and Edward gradually became less anxious to preserve the character which, while uncertain as to his own final wishes about Lucy, he had resolutely endeavoured to personate.

When he and Lucy walked without other company, there was sometimes a great deficiency of conversation, sometimes a superabundance: dulness never. The thoughts, in both, were busy. The sole object of them was close at hand; carried along with a rapturous kind of swimming motion which had nothing to do with measurement of steps or length of distance, and which over the roughest paths was ever sweetly smooth. A temporary silence scarcely gave an idea of vacuity or defect. A touch of the hand was electricity. These effects were at present stronger in Edward than in Lucy. She was very young; her affections had been

been uncommonly engaged in an attachment to an extraordinary father, whose behaviour sometimes was little different from that of a lover; and the time elapsed since she had born towards Edward any of that regard which has eminently obtained the name of Love, was much shorter than that in which *his* whole attention had been bent to *her*.

Could you have overheard one of these conversations between Edward and Lucy, you would have distinguished nothing of that high-flown language, by which a delicate beau and a sparkling belle, who are at ease in their hearts, may testify to a large circle what *refined feelings* they possess, and furnish matter for conversations elsewhere on the brilliancy of talent, the tenderness of sentiment, the energy of expression, common to both parties, and, in consequence, the charming connexion supposed to be forming between Mr.— and Miss—. Hearts that possess real refinement

ment of feeling, have no occasion for this language. Nay, it stands in the way, and obstructs the free passage of thought. It dulls and vulgarises the feelings.

In a walk which Edward and Lucy happened to take soon after Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook had met with the poor woman deprived of her children, as related in the last chapter, "I wish," says Edward, "it had been my fortune to fall in with a scene so peculiarly affecting. Now, Lucy, if it had happened that you and I had found the poor woman, instead of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook!" "I should have been frightened, perhaps;" answered Lucy: "but then,"—and, after a momentary stop, and combatting, but not quite suppressing, with a smile, a gently intruding blush, she went on, "but then"—"I should have had so good company with me, for protection." The *good* company was ironical, and was not ironical. Ostensibly, and in jest, it *was* ironical:

cal; yet the slight but lovely confusion in her mind, which was perceptible to Edward, satisfied him that there was a degree of truth at the bottom. He found himself stepping a little wider, on the strength of it. But, soon perceiving that he should leave Lucy behind, he instantly fell back, and (in the military phrase) *dressed* to the right.

"If you think we shall have time," said he, "let us go now to the spot where that most afflicted woman was discovered. It was described so particularly, by the situation of a bush which was mentioned, and served to favour the approach of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook, and which bush I believe I know distinctly, that I doubt not going directly to the very spot. And this calm and rich evening is precisely such a one as that on which they found her." "It is a delicious evening," answered Lucy: "but, pray," said she, "pray, how can
"you

“ you remember so certainly one particu-
 “ lar bush in Luccomb bottom, where
 “ there are, I think, a good many?”
 “ Not so many as you seem to think,” he
 replied; “ and, you know, a shepherd is
 “ acquainted with the countenance of
 “ every individual sheep in a large flock
 “ of shy animals perpetually in motion.
 “ The few bushes in Luccomb bottom
 “ one may examine at leisure, and learn
 “ their stationary features with ease.” All
 this reasoning was to put off Lucy from
 inquiring more minutely. But it appeared
 rather more than the subject required; and
 was delivered with a warmth not suited to
 so cool reasoning, and a rapidity which
 shewed that *he*, in his turn, had got into
 a temporary confusion. A slighter an-
 swer would have satisfied Lucy, for so
 slight a question. The disproportionate
 earnestness of it raised an inquisitiveness
 which he meant to prevent; but which
 however she did not indulge.

The

The time was not yet come, whether it ever would or not, when he could feel a propriety in describing to her some solitary scenes which he had passed under that bush. Thither he had oft wandered in the still silence of the evening, and, under the influence of a lover's moon, had meditated in the depth of tranquillity on what he had seen and heard of Lucy. There he had undertaken to sum up, as an impartial judge, the evidences for and against her. There the moon was to impart her clear lustre, which would give light to his judging powers. But there also the moon shed those enthusiastic, tho' tranquil, beams which may deliver over the judging powers to the empire of the imagination. Whether Edward had been able to profit by the salutary influence of the moon, without suffering by that which might be prejudicial in the case of a lover acting the part of a judge, certain it is that this very bush was most closely connected with the idea of Lucy, that he
had

had often attempted in vain to bring her Self to the spot where he had so frequently brought up her image, and that now he was particularly intent upon effecting it. She objected not to that particular walk. And they moved on towards the place.

They came upon the scene, not by the brook and the low ground which had conducted Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook to it, but by the side of a piked hill; from which having descended a little, they came rather suddenly to look down fully into that spacious verdant amphitheatre, in which the unconscious distressed woman had exhibited a scene of domestic tragedy to a mere couple of spectators. "There," says Edward, pointing, "I see my bush." "*Your* bush?" said Lucy, smiling: "have you made a purchase of it?" "I mean," said he, "the bush that I was speaking of." "But every thing," she replied, "is not yours because you happen to be speaking of it." "Very true," he

he returned: "if speaking of an object
 "would give one a property in it, I should
 "not delay to speak of what I have con-
 "tented myself with thinking of beneath
 "that bush." "You talk mysteriously,
 "I think, Edward," said she; not quite
 without suspicion of the object he meant.
 And he, on his part, felt that the images
 of his mind had allured his tongue to mat-
 ter as yet forbidden. So, by tacit consent,
 they dropped the subject.

"I will tell you," said he, "what has
 "just now come into my head." "Pray,
 "what may that be?" "That you," said
 he, "should place yourself precisely where
 "the unhappy woman was found, and try
 "to represent afresh a scene which I would
 "have given a great deal of money (but
 "you must suppose that I *have* some) to
 "have seen in its original exhibition."
 "I am glad," she answered, "that you do
 "not pretend you would give it for *my*
 "exhibition." "I did not say," replied
 Edward,

Edward, "that I would *not*. Do not urge
 " me to pay compliments before I know
 " how you deserve them." Lucy felt a
 degree of pain. The solution of it might
 make three uninteresting pages.

He proceeded. " You have the words
 " by heart, I dare say, which Mr. Am-
 " brook gave us as resembling the more,
 " irregular words which the woman actu-
 " ally sung. And, as to the tune, you have
 " several times made me melancholy by
 " humming it, when it seemed to be dwel-
 " ling upon your mind. Therefore I have
 " a good right to ask for it now that I wish
 " to hear it as a public performance."
 " Public, indeed!" said Lucy. " It is,
 " open," replied he, " to the earth and to
 " the heavens." " And pray," said she,
 " do you pretend that I am to recollect
 " all that the woman spoke, as well as
 " what she sung? And do you intend to
 " personate the other two characters
 " alone?"

These

These were difficulties plain enough for Edward to discern. But he was not in the humour to look for difficulties. His fancy, suddenly struck, was bent blindly on Lucy's personating, in some way or other, the unhappy woman, upon the very spot which, by a peculiar coincidence, had been the scene where the woman had in reality exhibited her distress, and that where Edward's ready imagination had repeatedly exhibited Lucy, and whither he had habitually wished to bring her own self.

They had descended into the valley, and were now approaching to the spot. "If you should teach me," said she, with a gentle laugh, "to be a stage-player, what would my father say to it?" "He would come and see you perform. And, if I were given to flattery, I would add that he would recommend you to the imitation of performers in the great city of London; as, *without* flattery to our

"Edington

" Edington scenery, I should recommend
 " it to the metropolis, if capable of being
 " transferred thither. But let me see, be-
 " fore I judge." " I do not, now," said
 she, " very well understand you: but, if
 " all you mean is that I should place
 " myself at that particular spot, and sing
 " the words we had from Mr. Ambrook
 " to that particular tune, I will not refuse
 " to attempt it."

Saying this, she went immediately to
 do what had been requested of her. She
 did it, indeed, with greater timidity than
 she might have had when a year younger,
 or if now her father had been in the place
 of Edward; yet with much of that modest
 and innocent confidence which marked her.
 The execution was, as might be expected,
 full of imperfections. Yet, to any per-
 son comprehending the scene, and having
 a nerve to feel with, it was such as might
 well arrest the attention. To Edward it
 was rapture, through every nerve of his
 frame.

frame. As she was descending to the final closing note, he felt a satisfaction falling upon his ear, far more intense than that which the mere power of music gives, without the co-operation of some separate mental enjoyment. The performance was ended before he was at all aware. The beginning and the end of it were scarcely different moments, to his perception.

She dismissed her tragic feelings as quickly as she could, with the help of a sportive curtsy and smile: while he, as if in jest also, applauded with hand and voice. "It must have been a sad thing, too," said Lucy, "for the poor creature, who could say such things in good earnest." This would have convinced Edward, if he had wanted conviction, that she had felt deeply the part she had been performing. And, when he came afterwards to reflect coolly, he lamented that public performers, in their practice and the acquisition of the necessary improvements, are unavoidably exposed

posed to a danger of diminishing much that most valuable and fundamental qualification, a nice sensibility. "Did all performers," said he to himself, "retain the feelings of my Lucy, while they improved upon her powers of art, and were no words put into their mouths which could disgrace my Lucy to utter or to hear, what a glorious entertainment would the stage be!" And, no sooner had he made this exclamation with a glow of applause from within, than he recollected, that perhaps a stage so cleared of certain vicious enrichments, would not command an audience sufficient to pay the performers. Upon which a reflexion, unfavourable to his species, passed through his mind in an instant. But he breathed away with one sigh the unpleasant conclusion of his contemplation, and exchanged the subject for a more satisfactory one.

We must return to Lucy's remark. "It must have been a sad thing, too, for the poor
 " creature,

“ creature, who could say such things in
 “ good earnest.” “ It must, indeed ;” he
 answered,—thinking more than he ex-
 pressed. For his imagination was running
 forward to the possibility of Lucy herself
 coming into that situation. Groundless as
 the idea was, the lover felt a transient pain.
 He looked so earnestly at her, that she was
 catching a painful sensation. But this be-
 gan soon to be reflected back upon him:
 he awoke from his reverie, and they walk-
 ed home.

Beyond this time Edward passed a year
 in privacy, labour, domestic happiness,
 and successful love. I call it successful,
 both because he received satisfactory marks
 of an increasing affection in Lucy, and ob-
 tained perpetual evidence to convince him
 that his heart was placed on a deserving
 object. To proceed to a proposal of
 marriage, was ever on his mind : but he
 felt a repugnance to offer to her so low a
 situation as the best that was in his power,

although it was something above what the present property of her father could intitle her to. Besides, notwithstanding his passion, he was philosopher enough to know that such a degree of happiness as he at present enjoyed is not to be disturbed for slight reasons. Should he, by proceeding too soon, have given a shock to Lucy's young and growing affection, or raised an opposition from Eynsbury, or by any means produced a delay and separation which might lead to final disappointment; he had thrown away both a present happiness, and his prospect of future. Whereas, if, by prolonging his present situation, he could secure his final aim, he was doubly wise.

END OF VOL. I.

The Reader is desired to correct the two following *Errata* with his pen.

Vol. I. p. 62. l. 4. For Mr. *read* Mrs.

———— 87. — 15. Dele the second *to*.